The Man Who Leads the Southern Senators

May 21, 1964 35¢

The Meaning of the Rail Settlement

THE REPORTER

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PERFECTIONIST

Assignment: Quality Control. He's a very special engineer at General Motors—a key man in a corporation which regards product dependability as a prime responsibility to its customers. He and a GM inspector are shown giving this transmission a final check. In addition to keeping an eagle eye on every phase of manufacturing, the quality control engineer is closely concerned with preliminary design and engineering. More than 13,000 individual parts go into a GM car, and every one must be as reliable as men and machines can make it. Raw materials, components, subassemblies—*all* get meticulous scrutiny. Tolerances to within *fifty millionths* of an inch are commonplace.

Among GM production employes, about *one of every twelve* devotes full time to quality control or inspection. Approximately 50,000 inspections are involved in the building of a single car. In addition, every machine operator has the responsibility for the quality of his work and performance of his machine. He can accept or reject any part he makes. His work is checked by the quality control engineer and the inspector, who analyze machine capabilities and predict machine inaccuracy *before* it occurs—not after.

They're mighty important people, these GM quality control engineers. They have an exacting job, and they take pride in doing it well. GM products bear witness to their effectiveness.

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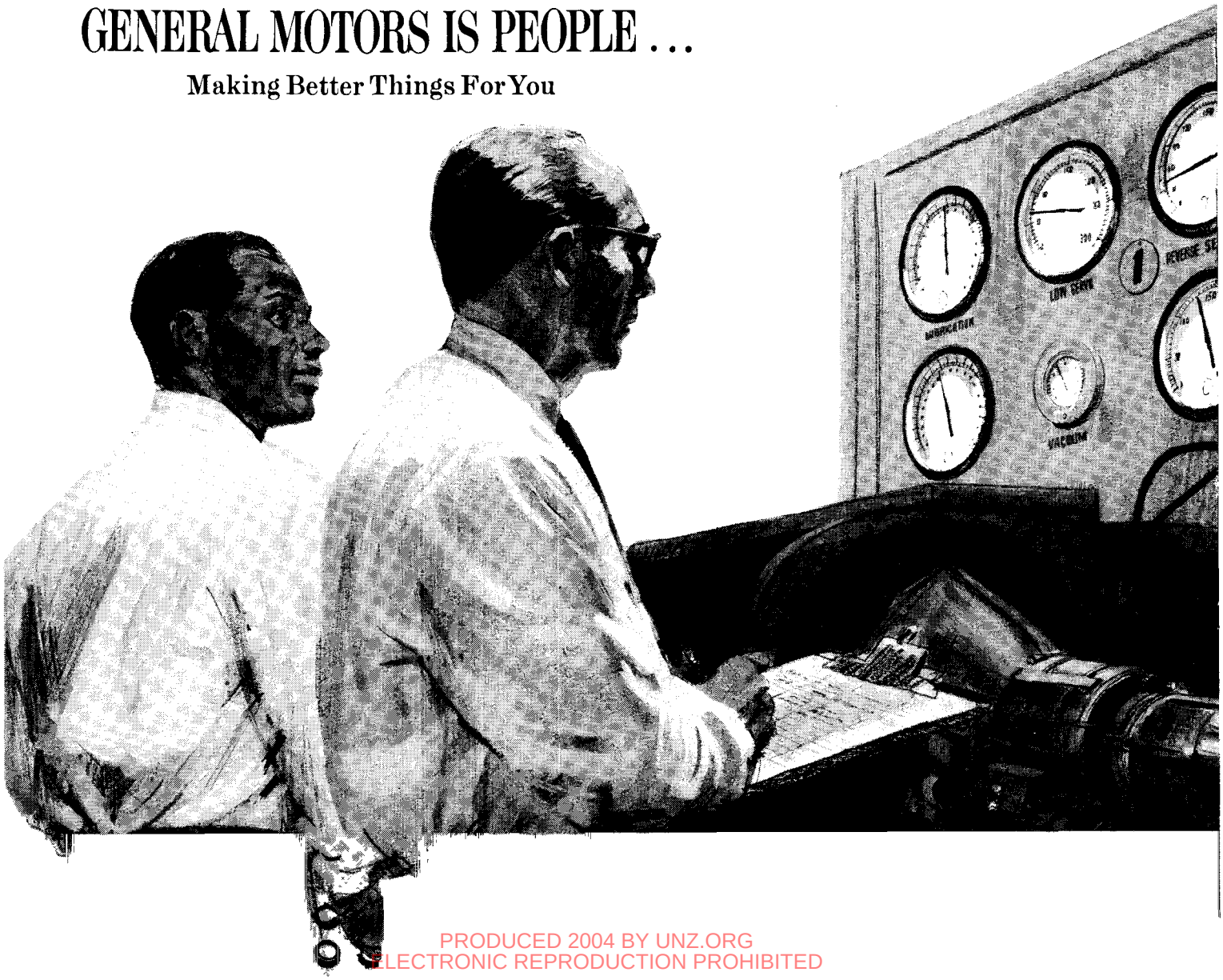

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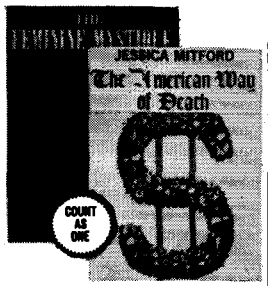

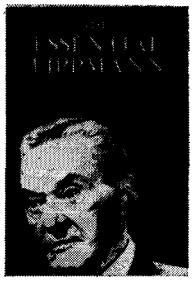

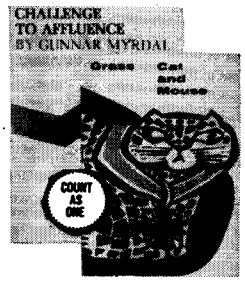

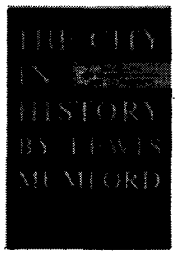

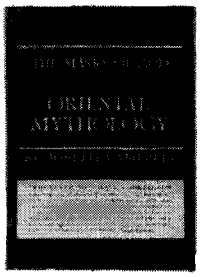

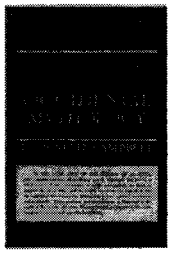

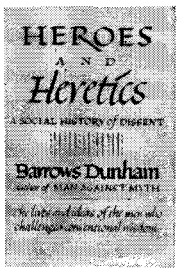

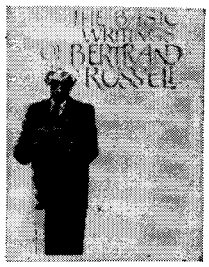

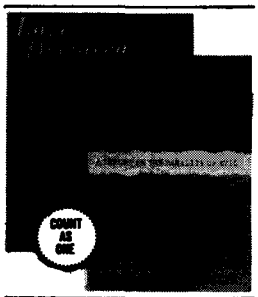

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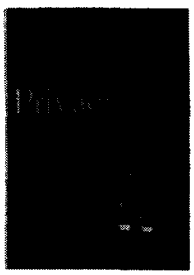

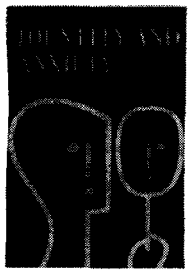

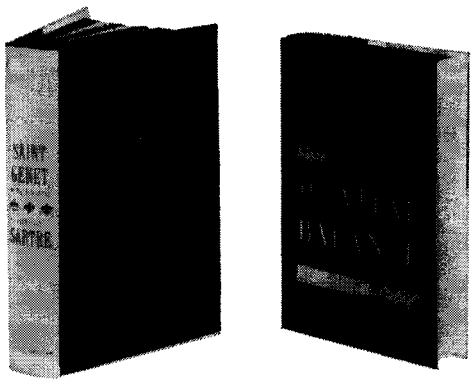

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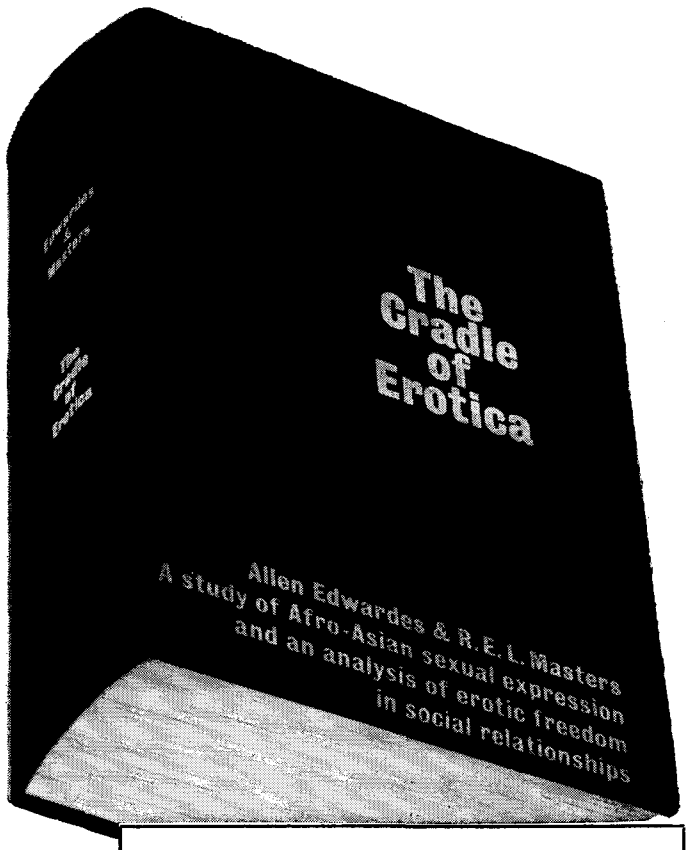
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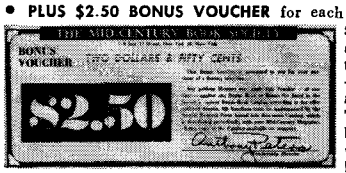

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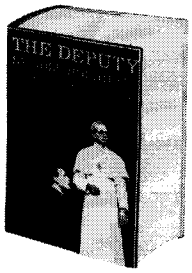

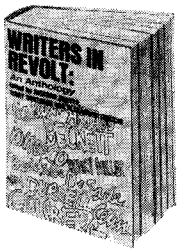

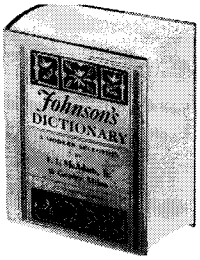

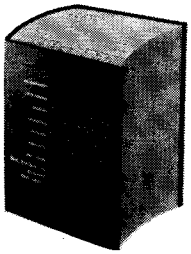

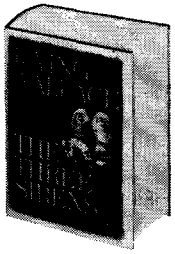

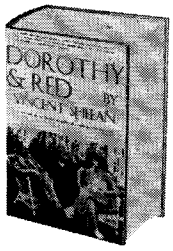

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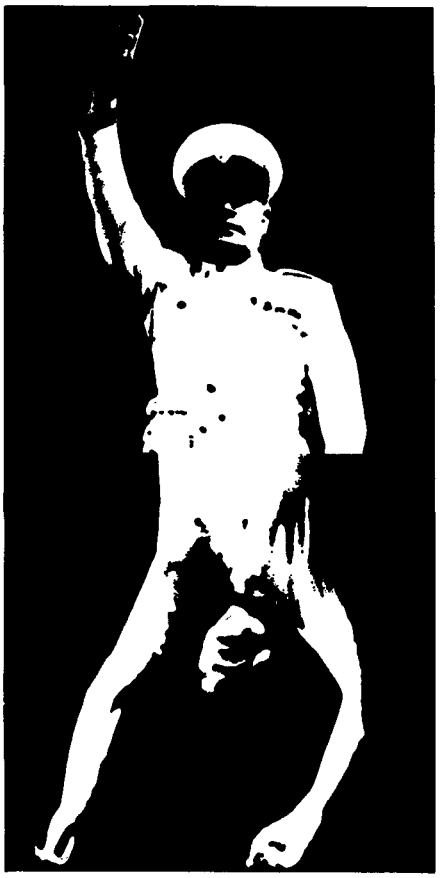

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

NOTHING can stop the American Negro from acquiring the full rights of citizenship. But the fact that the process is irreversible does not diminish the painful urgency of the present. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** concludes that the time has come to look frankly beyond the slogans and battle cries at the fundamental needs, notably in education, of the Negro people, both North and South. . . . The man who leads the Southern senators in their fight against the civil-rights bill knows as well as anyone that his vision of the Old South is ultimately doomed. Richard B. Russell's position is further complicated, according to **Meg Greenfield,** our Washington Correspondent, by the fact that his principal opponent is his close friend and former protégé, Lyndon B. Johnson. . . . "Crack Mississippi and you can crack the South," the slogan goes. **Richard Woodley,** a feature writer on the staff of the Middletown (Connecticut) *Press,* went South to gather material at first hand for his report on the preparations being made for a major—and possibly violent—confrontation in Mississippi this summer.

BEHIND President Johnson's coup averting a railroad strike is a shift in the attitudes of labor and management toward collective bargaining and Federal intervention in labor negotiations. It is clear, we are told by **A. H. Raskin,** a member of the editorial board of the New York *Times,* that semi-coercive mediation involving the government will become increasingly accepted, particularly since Mr. Johnson has shown that he intends to use his influence in major national strike situations. . . . The next such situation may develop this summer when negotiations between Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers and the Big Three of the auto industry get going in Detroit. Washington is concerned over what a big wage increase would do to the administration's economic guidelines and the national wage-price structure. **Thomas R. Brooks's** history of American Labor, *Toil and Troubles,* will be published by the Delacourte Press this summer. . . . **George Feifer,** who attended Moscow University in 1962, made a special study of crime and the courts in the Soviet Union. His book, *Justice in Moscow,* will be published in June by Simon and Schuster. . . . The American farmer has long been a symbol of individualism, but actually, as **Theodore Lowi,** assistant professor of government at Cornell University, points out, no segment of our economy is more organized than the "subgovernment" of agricultural interests. . . . **Peter Schmid,** who reports on Portugal's efforts to maintain its hold on Mozambique, is a Swiss journalist currently producing documentary programs for a West German television network.

MANY motor-sport enthusiasts prefer a road race to the big affair at Indianapolis where cars whirl around as if they were toys tied to the end of a string. But the Indianapolis "500" remains the Memorial Day classic, and **James A. Maxwell** describes the curious pre-race customs of the multitudes who each year travel to watch it. . . . Our Chilean artist, **Fernando Krahn,** furnishes the ever anxious American male with a new cause for anxiety. . . . In his appraisal of Richard Burton's *Hamlet,* **Tom F. Driver,** our regular drama critic, points out that the melancholy Dane, like many other avengers, was himself something of a danger to his country. . . . **Gerald Weales,** who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania and whose *A Play and Its Parts* will be published in September by Basic Books, attended Leonard Bernstein's final rehearsal of the Marc Blitzstein Memorial Concert in Philharmonic Hall. . . . **Barry O'Brian,** a free-lance writer who describes himself as "a wandering Celt," reports on a visit to the new Picasso Museum in Barcelona. . . . **John P. Roche,** chairman of the Department of Politics at Brandeis University, is the author of *The Quest for the Dream: The Development of Civil Rights and Human Relations in Modern America* (Macmillan). . . . Viking will publish **Nat Hentoff's** next book, *The New Equality,* in July.

Our Spring cover is by **Joan Berg.**

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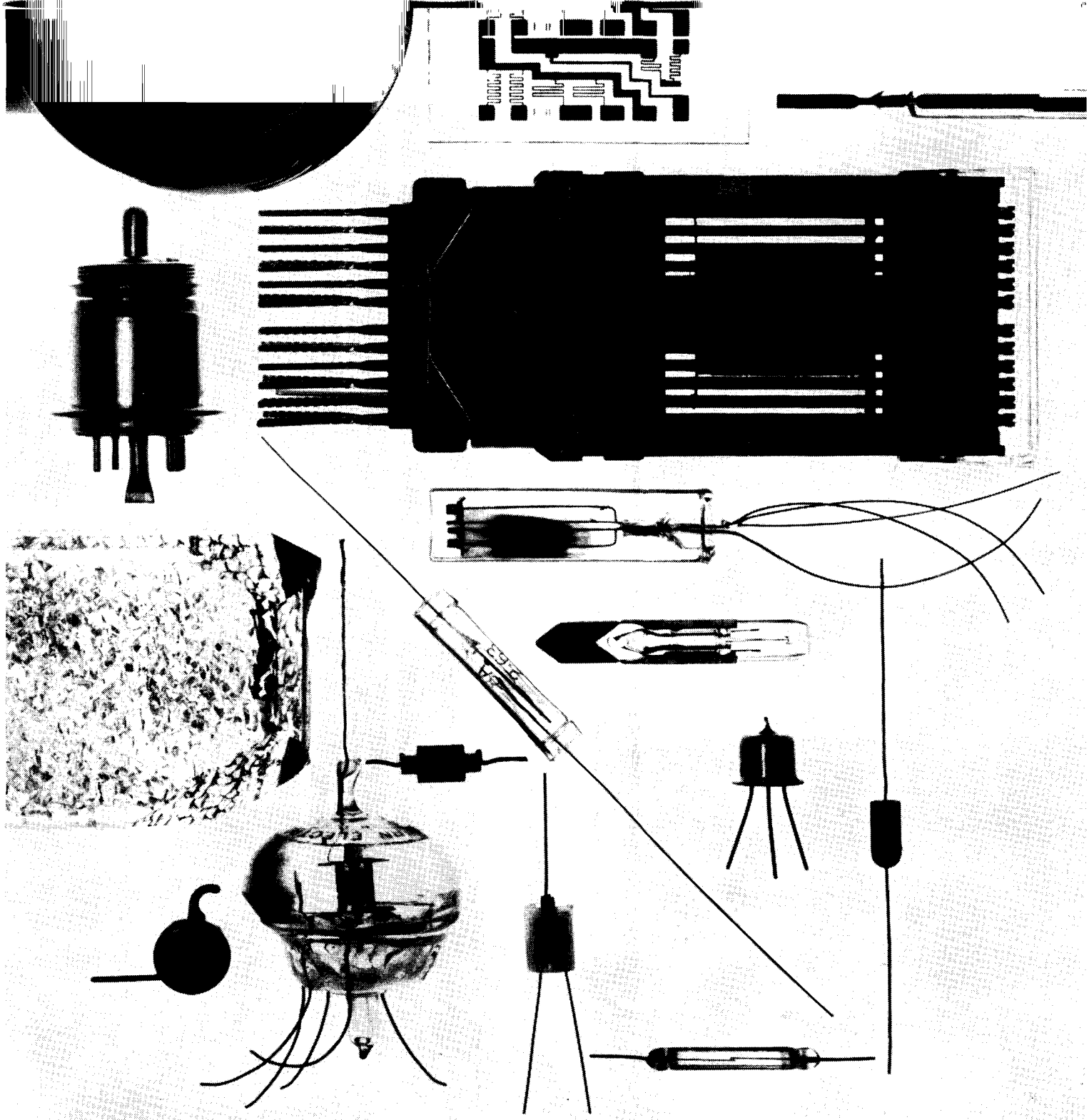

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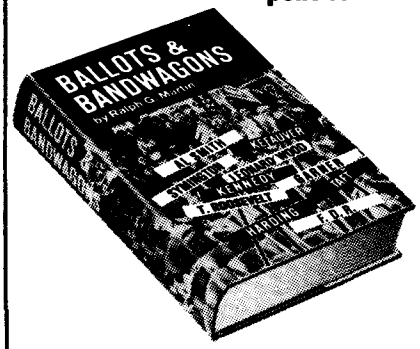

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THE BRAZILIAN DUST-UP

To the Editor: Some of the dust that is settling in Brazil has been thrown in the eyes of *Reporter* readers by A. A. Berle ("As the Dust Settles in Brazil," *The Reporter*, April 23).

So far no proof has been produced that Goulart was in fact planning "a left-wing dictatorship along Cuban lines." He only demonstrated incompetence and vacillation in dealing with Brazil's problems. But even if the results of the revolution are beneficial, it is not helpful to Americans attempting to make a judgment on the events in Brazil to misrepresent the factual situation before and after the military forces broke their "honorable and unbroken tradition" of "refusing to seize the government."

PAUL E. SIGMUND
Associate Professor of Politics
Princeton University

To the Editor: A. A. Berle has performed a service in emphasizing that the overthrow of the Goulart régime in Brazil was not just another Latin military coup but a broad-based revolution. The tragic spectacle of a great country disintegrating in political and economic chaos had distressed North and South Americans alike for the past four years. Goulart's threat to dissolve Congress and his increasing reliance on extreme left-wing advisers made matters intolerable to Brazilians in all walks of life. The only remedy open to the people was a revolution, and when it came it clearly had great popular support.

Revolutions of the people are in the most literal sense democratic. The revolutionary régimes that immediately follow are usually dictatorial. But President Castelo Branco has firmly committed his régime to holding the 1965 elections on schedule and in the meantime he has formed a cabinet of moderates, including the respected former ambassador to Washington, Roberto Campos, as minister of planning. He has indicated that his term will be devoted to "consolidating the revolution" by the enactment of desperately needed economic reforms. In the political arena, the large-scale arrests do him no credit, but by revolutionary standards the revolt in Brazil was remarkably free of violence. It is to be hoped that when "the dust settles" the jails will be emptied of political prisoners. In the long run, the revolution will be remembered for its structural reforms.

CELESTINO DUARTE
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

To the Editor: It grieves me to take issue with someone like Adolf A. Berle who has given so much of himself to country and university and who was a firm figure in the formation of the New Deal and the Liberal Party, both stanchions in the structure of my own political growth; but I must comment on his interpretation of events in Brazil, else I would be untrue to the very ideas and feelings Mr. Berle helped foster.

First off, let it be admitted that João Goulart cut a sorry figure as president—all the more reason to dismiss him as a menace. He was the heir of Vargas but in no way came up to *O Velhinho* as a master politician. The strength of Vargas's hold on the people is evident in the fact that he was the legally elected president at the time of his suicide. Carlos Lacerda seems to have a history of going after presidents whose position has been eminently legal, so why must we struggle up out of *Realpolitik* with nonsense about a "constitutional" takeover? The age of ambivalence is upon us, granted, but why must it always show its most absurd face in our relations with Latin America?

Second, there are some errors of fact in Mr. Berle's critique of the situation. He notes that Goulart was vice-president under Juscelino Kubitschek and says that "The formula was successful and was repeated in 1960, when Goulart paired with Jânio Quadros." This is not so. "Jango" was the vice-presidential candidate of Marshal Lott, the PSD candidate; and since the Brazilian electoral system allows for the election of president and vice-president from opposing tickets, Goulart's own personal appeal carried him in over the UDN candidate running with Quadros. The latter's overwhelming plurality made him some sort of hope, but he could not withstand the hectoring of Carlos Lacerda. The more one thinks, the more one is apt to consider Jânio's complaints of "occult forces" and not dismiss them as alcoholic maundering. The glorification of Lacerda in the American press is untoward.

Last, I must question Mr. Berle's statement that the army in Brazil has been removed from politics. Ever since the overthrow of Dom Pedro II the military have been involved in government, often directly. It has been fortunate that Brazil has been blessed with generals like no others in the world, but this does not make them any more constitutional when they take over. Let us hope that the anti-American nationalist (not at all synonymous with Communist) prisoners are freed so that the country can have many of its best brains available, that Kubitschek is left unhampered to dispute the presidency with Carlos Lacerda once and for all in the free way that we Americans should accept or else be quiet about,

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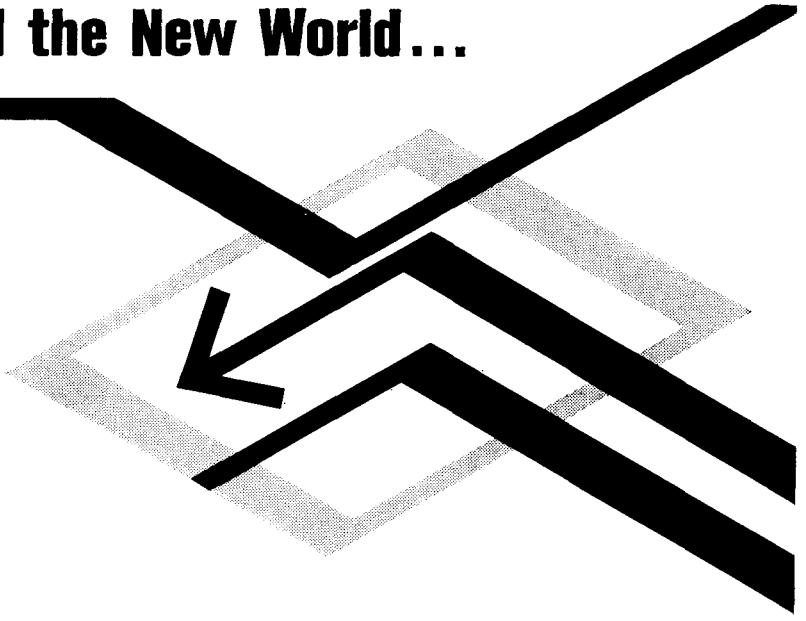
The "New Europe" and the New World...



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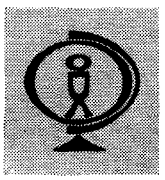

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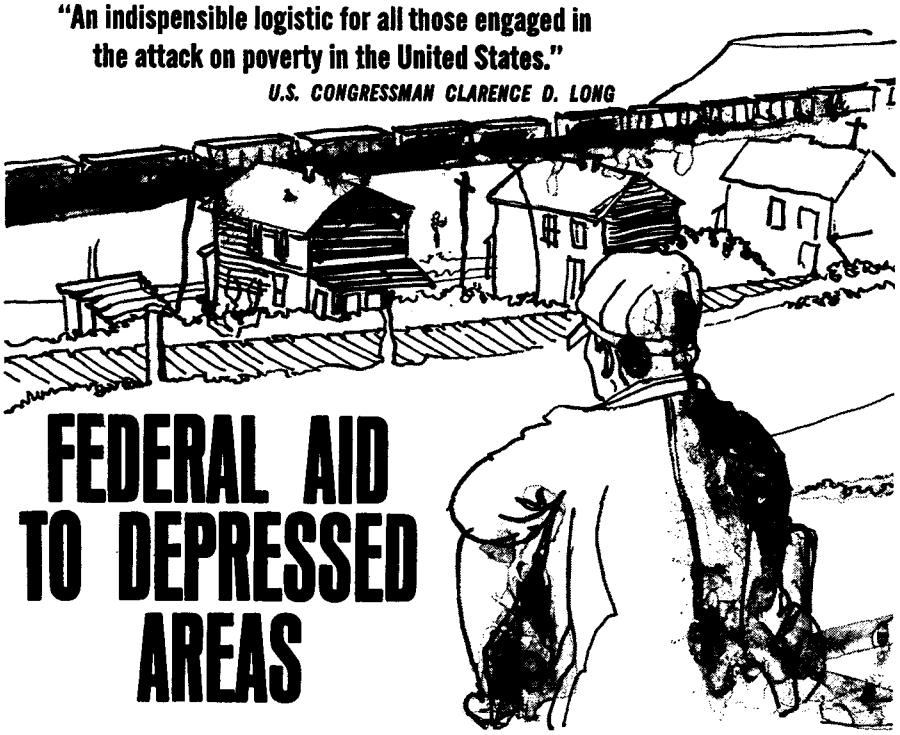

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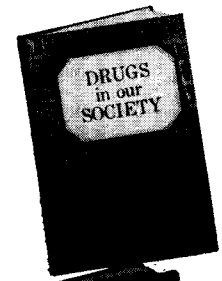

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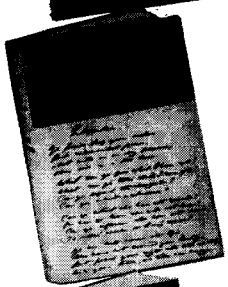

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and that Brazil can go back to the marvelous freedom of expression it has enjoyed in spite of its venal politicians.

GREGORY RABASSA
Associate Professor of
Spanish and Portuguese
Columbia University

Mr. Berle replies:

Former President Goulart may have been a sorry figure, but he aimed with Communist backing to set up a dictatorship in Brazil. That country does not want a Cuban-type tyranny.

Goulart became vice-president under Quadros, as Professor Rabassa accurately states, because Brazil permits electing its president from one party and its vice-president from another. This allowed the political maneuvers present in the Quadros election.

Carlos Lacerda has not been "glorified" by the American press but (I think unjustly) represented as a right-wing reactionary because he opposed the Communists. He *has* attacked constitutionally elected presidents—being a leader of the opposition party. Democracy can be threatened from inside as well as outside the government; Lacerda attacked on the ground that this was in process.

Nor is it fair to suggest that the Brazilian generals have "taken over." They obviously acted as the overwhelming majority of Brazilians wished, conformably to their oath to maintain constitutional government from foreign or domestic threat. Else they would have been unsuccessful. Finally, Professor Rabassa requotes the phrase lifted by Jânio Quadros from a document of questionable authenticity attributed to Vargas, alleging unnamed "occult forces." Neither Quadros nor Professor Rabassa specifies what is meant.

I share Professor Rabassa's hope that political prisoners not guilty of crime will be promptly freed. They were not seized because they were "anti-American." Evidence thus far indicates that Russian, Chinese, and Cuban money, organization, and arms hostile to Brazilian democracy had been actively employed. Eventually the whole story will come out. Meanwhile, judgment may be suspended; and as Professor Rabassa implies, Brazil's moderation and good judgment need to be maintained.

NOBLE REDMEN

To the Editor: "The Reporter's Note" for April 23 on the Wisconsin Presidential primary ("On, Wisconsin!") states: "Afterwards it was found that Menomonee County, whose inhabitants are all Indians, had voted unanimously for Wallace." In fairness, you should know that Governor John W. Reynolds received ninety-three votes in that county, and Governor Wallace twenty-one.

I am sure you will also be interested in knowing that Governor Reynolds is a subscriber to your excellent liberal magazine.

LEONARD ZUBRENSKY
Madison, Wisconsin

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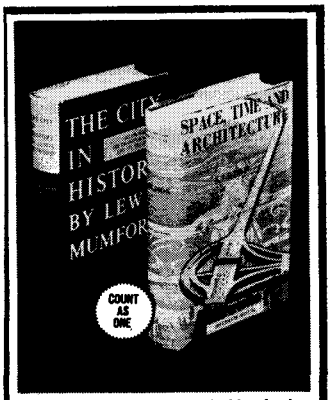

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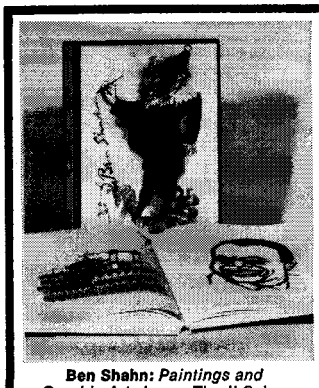

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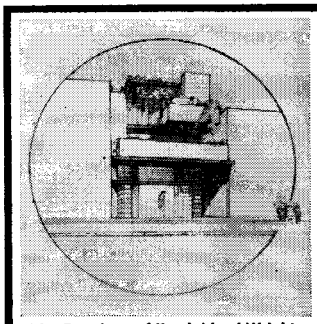

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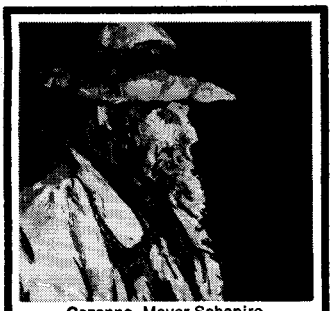

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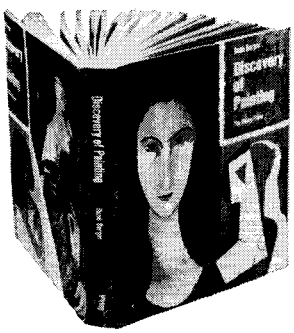

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Showdown in California

"I guess I goofed somewhere," said Barry Goldwater after his poor showing in the New Hampshire primary. And nothing that has happened since—in conservative states like Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa—seems to indicate that Goldwater is setting the voters on fire. He is "presidentially dead," according to Malcolm S. Forbes, the publisher of *Forbes* magazine. "As the polls show, most—and a sizeable most—Republicans don't want him as their nominee."

Mr. Forbes thinks it will be Nixon. Other experts see Lodge as the breaker of a convention deadlock. Governor Scranton goes on holding up a wet finger to see if he can detect an "honest and sincere" draft. And even Rockefeller acts like a man who really believes he has a chance. But on one matter all the really sophisticated observers are united: Goldwater is not the strongest knight the Republican Party could send into the lists against what looks like the most formidable Democratic dragon since FDR.

All this smart talk obscures one rather elementary fact: the senator from Arizona may have the nomination in his pocket long before the meeting is called to order in San Francisco's Cow Palace next July 13. Bumbling along through outright defeats and disappointing victories, Goldwater is still way out in front. And who's going to stop him?

The superb Kennedy preconvention campaign showed four years ago that you can't stop a strong leading contender with foredoomed, bashful, or halfhearted candidates. It's irrelevant to compare the new Mr. Conservative's role to that of the late Senator Taft. Taft didn't lose the nomination he wanted so badly merely because the Eastern Seaboard internationalists thought he was a loser: he lost because his opponent was Dwight D. Eisenhower. And there is certainly no Ike among Goldwater's competitors—or even a Tom Dewey, for that matter.

Standing on a base of Southern support that will be all but useless against President Johnson in November but highly effective against the scattered field he faces in July, within the next few weeks the senator from Arizona may be able to count more than five hundred of the 655 votes needed for nomination.

For better or worse, it will be up to California. On June 2, the voters of California will select eighty-six delegates—enough to make Goldwater all but unstoppable if he wins them. Over three hundred Republican delegates will be chosen by state conventions in the weeks after the primary in California, and a victory there would be infectious.

The stage is thus set for one of those duels to the death for which the West is famous. The only man who could stop Goldwater when the bullets are flying on June 2 in California is Rockefeller. There are only two Republican candidates and no write-in votes will be counted. Goldwater himself has acknowledged that it's a matter of life or death: "If we win the California primary, and pick up the delegates we expect from the several state conventions in June, I anticipate receiving the nomination on the first or second ballot." And if he should lose, the senator has frankly admitted that he doesn't deserve the nomination. Supporters of some of the other candidates, notably the Lodge people, have indicated a willingness to suspend their bickering in California and get behind Rockefeller, who after all has been out in the open all the time doing his best to stop Goldwater. But isn't it too late? Can the Eastern city slicker whose shots have so often gone wild bring the handsome rustler from Phoenix down in his tracks? It is high noon, and the citizens are all atremble behind their shutters as the two gunmen stride toward each other for the fateful encounter. Perhaps it's impossible to guess which one will still be alive when the smoke clears. For after all, California is California.

We Have Not Heard It Yet

From his first days in office President Johnson has been at pains to affirm the importance he attaches to hemisphere affairs. His first major appointment was that of Thomas C. Mann as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs with the added responsibility of overseeing the Alliance for Progress (which had previously been under Teodoro Moscoso as coordinator) and serving as a special adviser to the President. The intention was to allow the administration to "speak with one voice" about Latin America.

There have been rededication ceremonies for our effort in the Alliance, White House conferences of our ambassadors in the hemisphere and of Latin ambassadors to Washington, and declarations to the press of the administration's firm resolve to pursue Alliance objectives vigorously.

Under the reorganization of the Latin-American section of the State Department, a tremendous amount of responsibility has devolved on Mr. Mann. But when he is required to spend his time meeting a crisis in Panama or evaluating a revolution in Brazil, he cannot be expected to give the Alliance the attention it deserves.

We are still waiting to hear what the administration will say when it speaks "with one voice."

Voluntary Servitude

Arthur Krock unsettled a lady of our acquaintance recently. It was her habit to read the New York

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Times as she had her hair done; and as she settled down under the competent hands of her hairdresser at Bergdorf Goodman's the other day, she happened to turn to Mr. Krock's column. "Barbering is among the intimate personal services which, under Title 11 of the pending equal rights bill, may not be refused to an applicant," she read, and glanced uneasily in the mirror at the man who was setting her hair. She had not been aware, until then, that something "intimate" and "personal" was in the air. After all, there were a number of other ladies in a situation similar to hers about the room, chattering quite openly about their hair, their summer plans, and what not. For her taste, it was even a bit too public and noisy, and that was why she usually buried herself in the *Times*.

Mr. Krock, who is an indefatigable researcher where legal matters are concerned, had uncovered an article by a Dr. Alfred Avins in the *Cornell Law Quarterly* that concluded that the Thirteenth Amendment's ban against involuntary servitude guarantees to "every person the right to refrain from working for any other person," and went on to conclude that this guarantee covered barbers, waiters, hotel clerks, and so on.

Dr. Avins had won Mr. Krock's admiration by tracing the words "involuntary servitude" from their use in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 up through the Thirteenth Amendment, and had found it, Mr. Krock reported eagerly, "one of the compelling ironies of history" that a "century after Negroes were freed from the involuntary servitude of cutting the hair of whites [we find] a demand from their descendants that whites be forced by law to cut their hair. . . . As the Supreme Court has eloquently declared—'The plain intention was . . . to make labor free, by prohibiting that control by which the personal service of one man is disposed of or coerced for another's benefit which is the essence of involuntary servitude.'"

"You look distressed," our friend's hairdresser said, interrupting her reading.

Should she tell him why? Should she apologize for having placed him in a condition of involuntary servitude? Never mind the Negro question; wasn't it humiliating that this man's control over the personal services he rendered women should have already been disposed of, without a by-your-leave? Yet apologizing for abetting his enslavement, she thought, might seem insincere, and even bringing it up could be interpreted as ungracious.

But, as Mr. Krock pointed out, the whole thing posed "a great constitutional issue . . . and one which has been carefully avoided or strangely neglected." She felt that Mr. Krock was urging her not to skirt the matter, and despite her misgivings, decided the simplest thing to do would be to read sections of Mr. Krock's column aloud.

Her hairdresser stopped his work to listen, and his expression of incredulity deepened as she read. He shook his head in amazement. "But who does he think I work for?" he asked. His firm conviction that he worked for Bergdorf Goodman reassured her that her rights as a woman had not been won at the cost of enslaving him. However, she felt it the better part of discretion not to mention this aspect of the matter. Instead, she asked, "Do you take Negro customers?"

"Why, certainly," he replied. "Just last week, I had an adorable girl. We fixed her hair, bouffant, you know," describing it elaborately with his hands, "and she looked simply marvelous." He paused, and then added, "She told me she was with some CORE group. But she liked what I did so much," he said with a rush of becoming immodesty, "that she promised me she was coming back again and again."

Bergdorf Goodman, which looks out over a fountain on the Plaza, has always had a sense of style.

In Line of Duty

Few, if any, purchasing agents play skittles these days, a fact that allows a salesman back from a business convention to protest truthfully to the wife that these trips aren't all beer and skittles. Expense account or no expense account, a conscientious salesman's duties on the road can be downright hazardous. The New York Workmen's Compensation Board recognized this sometime back when it awarded $4,604 to a $20,000-a-year sales manager for injuries suffered when he fell over the balcony in the lobby of a Chicago hotel.

We are deeply disturbed over the reversal of this award by an appeals court. Was not the claimant, in the company of a business associate and two unidentified girls, making his way from cocktails to dinner? Or as it might be put, making his way from a conference to the clinching of a deal? Was he not required to leave his comfortable hearth in Summit, New Jersey, and go to remote Chicago to serve the interests of his employers? Is this not the duty of a salesman?

The learned justices, who probably have never had to meet a payroll or turn in an expense account in their sheltered lives, said "No." They sustained the argument of the insurance company representing his employer that the man's duties "did not require him to stand at the edge of a balcony and throw hats and coats over the balcony railing, the activity he was engaged in when the accident occurred."

American traditions of all sorts are being upset by the courts these days. The hats and coats bit is just another example of what salesmen have to go through. It's called the sales pitch.

●

Cater's Appointment

Douglass Cater, who has been with this magazine since its very beginning, has been appointed a Special Assistant to the President.

As a French essayist once wrote, journalism leads to everything provided one gets out of it in time. Douglass Cater had already removed himself from journalism far enough to do some teaching at Wesleyan University and write two books on the nature of government. Yet all the while he devoted a remarkable part of his intellectual output to *The Reporter*. From now on he will have only one job, extremely demanding and all-absorbing. We congratulate the President and wish all possible luck to Douglass Cater. But we shall miss him, and greatly. So will our readers.

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MAX ASCOLI

Ten Years Later

THE LAST PHASE of what is called the Negro problem is upon us—the long ordeal of the Negroes in America, and of America because of the Negroes. This double ordeal is as old as American history itself and, as we all know only too well, it reached its bloody climax but not its solution with the Civil War. The beginning of the end was ten years ago, when the Supreme Court handed down its decision on desegregation, and the most spasmodic stage is now.

The three branches of the Federal government are at present synchronizing their actions to make belatedly accessible to the Negro in the South some of the rights that the Northern Negroes have been free to exercise for quite some time. When Congress passes the bill designed to end the most discriminatory laws and customs of the Southern states, then the Judiciary and the Executive will be immensely strengthened in their task of wiping out one cluster of discrimination after another. Still, this will take time: time to see that the Negro citizens are actually enfranchised, time to raise the level of education and to keep its access free to all qualified Negroes, time and endless vigilance to prevent violation of the new and old Federal laws. But the process is irreversible.

In the North, the mounting Negro agitation is not against state or local laws but against local customs. There is something, but not much, left for the Federal government to do to satisfy Negro grievances, and the actions of state and city administrations to meet the peremptory demands of the Negro organizations are limited by the fact that the Negroes have the vote but are a minority.

In the South, the aim of the Negroes is to attain a position of conservative constitutionalism: they passionately demand to have the Federal legal order fully extended to them. But the stirrings of radicalism among the Negroes in the North prove that much more than law enforcement is needed to relieve them of old injustices. They have to face situations that do not easily lend themselves to government intervention, such as trade-union membership, residence in certain neighborhoods, protection from unscrupulous landlords or employers. True, in all these and many more areas where unfairness to the Negroes is most manifest, remedial legislation is frequently invoked and obtained. But in our country the proclivity to legislate is equaled only by the capacity for law evasion.

Resentment for broken promises has led to showy manifestations that have remained on the brink of violence. The Gandhiism of Martin Luther King, designed to bring about the enforcement of Federal law in the South, has been massively and crudely plagiarized in the North by Negro agitators and frequently used both as a prelude and an invitation to violence. In turn, some, but by no means all, of the Negro leaders who had done the most for their people have given evidence of an obsessive fear of being left behind, outstripped by the radicals. And finally, to complete the ugly circle, there have been the forays up North by Governor Wallace.

JUST TEN YEARS after the desegregation decision of the Supreme Court, the difference of attitudes between North and South has become somewhat blurred. Southern demagoguery has found a limited response up North, disturbing but far from frightening. The work that was started by the Supreme Court is being pursued by the Federal government throughout the nation. The mood of Alabama will not overrun the country; the opposite is bound to occur. This is a time, however, to take our bearings and speak out.

According to the spirit of the Warren decision, it is in the field of education that the struggle to improve the lot of the Negroes must be steadily and tirelessly pursued. Among adults a number of admirable men have lifted themselves above the dismally low educational average of their people. But as of today, the average is still too low for comfort —unfair to the Negroes and unfair to the nation.

This cannot possibly be allowed to happen to the growing generation of Negro children, North and South. It is only through the process of education that each man can move toward the place in society which is his and only his. That the schools where the Negro pupils study should be integrated must be considered a matter which is important yet secondary to one overriding requirement: that the quality of the education be of the highest standard the nation can set itself. But we cannot wait for the children to grow up and let too many grownups rot in idleness or worse. Just as the Negroes have no monopoly on poverty, so the job of training and assisting them cannot be left to government alone.

Our Negroes, North and South, are not a foreign group to be tamed and made to accept some ragged version of our way of living, a sort of subproletariat condemned to serfdom by the color of their skin. They have been freed from slavery and their agitators cannot make them into seekers of chaos like rebellious slaves. They are Americans who want to be thoroughly integrated with all the other groups that make our country, integrated according to the wise formula of the Supreme Court: with all deliberate speed.

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The Man Who Leads the Southern Senators

MEG GREENFIELD

WASHINGTON

ON JANUARY 23 of this year, the upper house of the Georgia legislature unanimously approved the anti-poll-tax amendment that has since become a part of the U.S. Constitution. Within minutes after hearing the news in Washington, Georgia's senior senator, Richard B. Russell, rose on the Senate floor to denounce the event as "a source of humiliation to me." He went on to rebuke the Georgia legislators for taking part in what he called a "pernicious drive to enforce coercion and conformity." The Georgia legislators rebuked him right back. "The people in Georgia," as one state senator summed up his differences with Russell, "are now going forward with a little different beat of the drum."

It was not the first time Russell had publicly fallen out with the politicians of his home state over a question related to civil rights, and such incidents go a certain way to disprove a current theory that Russell is only leading the fight against the administration's civil-rights bill in the Senate to make a show for the folks back home. If anything, political wisdom would seem to dictate a little more circumspection on Russell's part, such as that which has lately been evident in the tone of his Georgia colleague, Senator Herman E. Talmadge. Negro registration has risen substantially in Georgia, and its importance has been reinforced by a Supreme Court decision abolishing Georgia's ancient "county unit" system of counting votes.

Russell in fact has every reason not to be doing what he is doing now. He is engaged in a fight he admits he is bound to lose sooner or later, both in the Senate and in the South. The current "social revolution," whose existence he fully recognizes, has raised problems for which he concedes he has few answers. Moreover, he now finds himself in conflict with a President who was once his protégé, who is among his closest friends, and in whose success he has a great personal stake. It is only against this background that one can hope to understand the nature and intensity of Russell's opposition and his objective in the Senate fight he is now leading.

His Secret Weapon

When proponents of civil-rights legislation say that Russell doesn't believe his own arguments, what they seem to mean is that he simply couldn't. The assertion is intended as a compliment (although Russell wouldn't consider it much of one), and it is generally reserved for the most highly respected members of the Southern Congressional delegation, its handful of Snopeses having long since proved that they can believe almost anything. It is true that the eighteen-member bloc in the Senate is not nearly so single-minded or unified of purpose as its voting record might indicate. Personal motivations range from the crudities of out-and-out racism to a more prevalent kind of stubborn nostalgia for the Old South. Again, some of the Southerners are sensitive to the fact of growing Negro political strength in their home states, while others are simply weary of the battle and the estrangement it has brought them from the rest of their party. Occasionally one even hears private expressions of regret. The near defeat in 1962 of Senator Lister Hill (D., Alabama), by a segregationist far more ardent than he, is still very much in the minds of several senators who privately vouchsafe that they are "sickened," as one has put it, by the situations in their own home states. One or two have even let it be known that they are merely going through motions.

Russell, however, vouchsafes no such thing, and going through motions isn't in his nature. It is somewhat easier to imagine him joining the Brooklyn chapter of CORE than lending himself to a face-saving charade such as that in which Governor George C. Wallace starred last spring at the entrance to the University of Alabama. Some of Russell's toughest language has been directed at those of his colleagues whose penchant for play-acting and scene-stealing he considers to be a menace to the cause. When Senator Strom Thurmond (D., South Carolina) undertook a sort of kamikaze filibuster against the final civil-rights compromise in 1957, thereby giving supporters of a stronger bill a chance to come back with new amendments, Russell rose to excoriate him on the floor. "If I had undertaken a filibuster for personal political aggrandizement," he said when Thurmond had completed his unauthorized solo flight, "I would have forever reproached myself for being guilty of a form of treason against the people of the South."

And so he would have. Russell knew that the 1957 bill was the weakest one the Southerners could hope for, and it is his custom to concern himself with the realities of the Senate, not with its imagery. His absences and his silences therefore tend to make Northerners far more nervous than does either Senator Thurmond's presence or his noise. "Nobody knows what he's up to," one senator has said of Russell's methods, "but suddenly these strange things will happen, these very peculiar votes will start to turn up. And if you dig into it long enough and hard enough, you will find out that Dick Russell has been there."

RUSSELL has a good deal to work with. At the relatively frisky Senatorial age of sixty-six, he is outranked in seniority only by Arizona's venerable Carl Hayden. Characteristically, Russell has on two different occasions declined to accept the job

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of Senate Democratic leader, believing it would interfere with the pursuit of his objectives for the South. He was, nevertheless, the acknowledged power behind two Democratic leaders under Truman—Scott Lucas of Illinois and Ernest McFarland of Arizona—and he was a weighty factor in the considerations of Lyndon B. Johnson when Johnson presided over the Democrats in the Senate. At the present time, Russell is chairman of the Armed Services Committee, guiding spirit of the Appropriations Committee, and a member of both the Democratic Policy Committee, which approves legislation, and the Democratic Steering Committee, which gives senators their committee assignments. Beyond that, he is the unofficial chairman of what amounts to an interlocking directorate of Southern committee and subcommittee chairmen without whose co-operation it is not possible to run the Senate, let alone the government and the country. Southerners account for seven of the twelve Appropriations subcommittee chairmen, for example, and are said to control eight or nine of the fifteen votes on the Steering Committee. It has not escaped the notice of other senators who are interested in projects for their districts or in good committee assignments for themselves that Russell, like the Lord, has the power both to give and to take away.

The extent to which Russell makes use of all the goods and services at his disposal to combat civil-rights measures is almost impossible to determine—though not for want of trying on the part of his opponents. It is widely supposed, for instance, that in 1957 the Hell's Canyon Dam, a project of considerable interest throughout the Northwest, became an integral part of the negotiations over the civil-rights bill. Again, it has been charged (and denied) that last year's appropriations lag—some subcommittees did not finish their work until December—was a Southern sit-down strike in response to the introduction of the now pending bill. Senator Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania) also believes that he has discerned a significant relationship between the stand a senator takes for or against revision of the cloture rule and the kind of committee assignment he is likely to get.

Whether or not any of this can be proved, there is no denying that Russell is in an excellent position to direct legislative traffic and that he can outtrade most of his competitors when a vote is at stake. What is less well understood is that seniority is only part of the story. Like most of the other superpowers on Capitol Hill, Russell has supplemented his political good fortune with hard work, toughness, and a highly developed sense of strategy. Unlike the others, however, he also has a secret weapon—a kind of innocent rectitude about what he is doing which not only confounds his critics but which has been known on occasion to prevent a colleague from voting against him for no other reason than that, as one of them put it, "I simply couldn't do that to Dick Russell."

Does He Really Believe It?

The puzzled and defensive affection Russell's Senate antagonists often feel for him seems to be based on certain ancient virtues of which Russell is chief repository in the Senate. They are the same virtues which have led others to suppose that Russell must be dissembling his "real" views on race relations. He is a man without either vanity or pretension who seems baffled by those characteristics in other people. He is scholarly and polite, and his politeness has a functional quality about it, as if it proceeded from generosity rather than from an awareness of good manners. And he has shown himself in many matters to be capable of an extraordinary degree of objectivity and fairness. Russell is also a concentrator, given to struggling for the right answer to the problem before him. This habit, according to his aides, has its lighter moments. More than once they have gone into his imposing inner office only to find Russell, a lifelong bachelor, poring intently over a laundry list in a vain attempt to account for a missing handkerchief.

In military matters especially, where Russell exercises vast authority, he has put these traits to good purpose. Although Russell was no fan of Harry Truman's, his conduct of the so-called MacArthur hearings is generally acknowledged to have been the most important factor in defuzing the dangerous situation that prevailed upon MacArthur's recall from Korea. And although he has made the Pentagon very much aware of his existence, he has set a high standard of responsibility in his dealings with it. Last summer, Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman publicly suggested that Russell had decided to vote against the test-ban treaty in retaliation against the Kennedy civil-rights bill. It was a most unfortunate remark, not only because it ran the risk of making Russell mad for no apparent purpose but also because the decision was known to have caused Russell a good deal of anguish. Moreover, because of the difficulty and doubt he had experienced in reaching it, he deliberately refrained from pressuring his colleagues even though, as chairman of the Armed Services Committee, he doubtless could have done the treaty great harm. "Almost every day," he once said, "I hear testimonies as to the devastating effects of a nuclear war. I come out of a committee meeting sometime with the feeling that I'm awakening from a terrible nightmare. . . ."

However Russell decided the particular question of the test ban, there could be no doubt that he had been listening carefully and weighing what he heard, a special habit of his and one that he even brings to such an unlikely place as the Senate floor. One day a few years ago, Russell was passing through the all but empty chamber while Senator Hubert Humphrey (D., Minnesota) was giving an impassioned speech on agriculture. Halfway through the door Russell stopped, cocked his ear, and came back in. He placed himself backwards on a chair directly in front of Humphrey so that he was looking up at him, and presently he began to amen. "That's right," he said from time to time quite audibly. "Yessir, that's right. He's absolutely right." As one witness recalls, it was a little like a prayer meeting.

IT IS PRECISELY when people begin to draw conclusions from all this and to try to reformulate Russell so that the contradictions will go away that he catches them up short, speaking as he has lately come to of "Marxism" and "mongrelization" in connection with the civil-rights bill,

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propounding *ad hominem* arguments that are obviously bitter in origin and occasionally even cruel. By and large, it is true that Russell, who has traditionally discouraged flamboyance and racism in his colleagues' Senate speeches, has stuck to his basic themes of constitutionalism and states' rights, arguing that the pending bill will infringe, as he puts it, "upon the rights of private property and the rights of American citizens to choose their associates." But there is no gainsaying the new violence in Russell's language or the indiscriminate way in which he nowadays seeks to bolster his position, even going so far as to quote with approval from the Black Muslim dogma as expressed by Cassius X. Clay.

In a sense, of course, Russell can be presumed not to "believe" all his own arguments any more than other Senators "believe" all theirs. The aim of Senate debate is less often to persuade another senator than it is to make it possible for him to go along (or impossible for him not to) or to speak over his head to his constituents. In the current debate, Russell quite obviously has been playing to public fears of the bill in the hope that Northern reaction against it will grow. And if his true beliefs cannot be measured by everything he happens to say on the Senate floor, their intensity can be measured by his willingness to fight so hard there. "Russell," a civil-rights lobbyist told me recently, "isn't like some of them who get pleasure out of saying mean things. When he is pushed, or cornered, he sometimes does." Although Russell has in fact received delegations of Negro lobbyists in the past, the invariable result has been a courteous but useless exchange of views, confirming the conclusion of one of his Northern Senate friends that Russell, the otherwise avid and open-minded listener, "cannot be reached at all on any of this."

His One Concession

How can Russell's own views be characterized? The question is tricky to answer, partly because of the loaded terminology now in use on the subject of race relations and partly because of the inconsistencies in Russell's position itself. The fundamentals of that position are a belief in the wisdom of the separation of the races and a determination to use all available political means to prolong that separation as the basis of the Southern social order. Indeed, so firmly convinced is Russell of the essential rightness of this much that at times he seems at a loss to understand what all the fuss is about. "They are determined to get into the white schools and into the white restaurants and into the swimming pools," he told an interviewer last year. "They apparently have not been willing to have any restaurants or swimming pools of their own. . . . I can't account for it. . . ."

The guileless, almost inadvertent kind of racism that underlies such a remark is a far cry from that of the bomb throwers, and the distinction is one insisted upon not only by Russell himself but also by most of those now working against him on the Senate bill. Thus, a Justice Department lawyer told me that he doesn't consider Russell a racist at all, a term he reserved for those associated with physical violence and with a hatred of Negroes. There is no question of Russell's contempt for such persons, nor of the fact that on issues like voter registration he deplores a good deal of what has been going on in the South. The complication, however, is that while Russell may concede that one condition or another is intolerable, he rarely concedes anything about what caused the condition in the first place or what, if anything, should be done to cure it. For instance, while Russell is genuinely distressed when there is bloodshed over school desegregation, he feels it only proves that Negroes ought not to be trying to enter the schools at this time. In 1957, a reporter who had been questioning Russell on the bill then before the Senate observed that there were two provisions that Russell did not seem to object to—the establishment of the Civil Rights Commission and the setting up of a Division of Civil Rights in the Justice Department. When the reporter proceeded to ask if Russell would vote for a bill containing those two provisions alone, he said he would not and added, "I wouldn't be prepared to vote for [any] bill that was such a reflection on the people of Georgia."

The statement was a true explanation and not an alibi. Indeed, if there is anything that can rationalize the inconsistencies in Russell's position and make sense of its curious immobilism, it is his firm conviction that the drive to enact civil-rights legislation in Washington is only one part of a larger campaign whose real purpose is "to make the South a special subject of obloquy," or, as he has also put it, "to harass and hell-hack" the people of the South. In private conversation Russell speaks of "South haters." His public speech is full of the words of war—"surrender," "treason," "appeasement," and "retreat." Increasingly the social sympathies for which he was noted as a young governor of Georgia and as a New Deal enthusiast have come to be directed toward the betterment of the lot of the

Wide World

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Southern poor white; Russell has come to see his own role as that of the white South's protector—almost its embodiment—in the Senate. It is a role that permits him to concede nothing whatever to opponents whose ultimate victory is in any event already assured. The embattlement and isolation he feels were summed up in the figure of Russell sitting in his office on the day of the civil-rights march last summer, having refused to decamp as some of his colleagues did.

AT THE LEVEL of practicality, Russell realizes that his resistance can now only buy a little more time for his constituency in the South, and that is precisely what he intends it to do. Was there ever another course he could have taken? Recently I asked Russell whether he thought a less total opposition in the past might have prevented some of the injustices he himself acknowledges and spared the need for the kind of bill he is fighting today. He thought about it and said: "We certainly could have gone to our own states and created a better climate than we have done. If we had shown more interest in our own states it would have been helpful." With the same sort of detachment, however, Russell long ago realized that he himself would never be able to function as an instrument of amelioration or change, however modest, in the South. It was for that reason that he entrusted the role to Lyndon B. Johnson when he selected the unlikely first-term senator to be leader of the Democrats in the Senate eleven years ago. In a way, Johnson was the one concession Russell ever made toward the peaceable reconstruction of the South. And Russell is aware that his one concession is about to cost him dear.

'That Boy' Grows Up

Russell was chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee on Agriculture when Johnson, then a member of the House, came over to plead for a rural-electrification program. "He knew what he was talking about," Russell told me. "I thought to myself, 'That boy's a good congressman.'" When Johnson was elected to the Senate in 1948, Russell undertook to "promote" him. They became and remain the closest friends. "He made more out of my efforts to help him," Russell says, "than anyone else ever had. He's a born competitor. I encouraged that."

In the beginning, Johnson told Russell he was "scared" of becoming Senate Democratic leader. But Russell saw in Johnson what one of their common friends has called "a bridge between the South that he had understood and served and the South as it was going to become." The poor showing that Russell had made in a serious bid for the 1952 Democratic Presidential nomination and the uproar over civil rights at the 1948 Democratic convention had convinced him that the Southerners as such could not hope to lead the party and that they probably could not even hope to stay in it should leadership pass to the hands of their Northern antagonists. He made this analysis the substance of his plea to Johnson.

It was the first in a series of appeals and counterappeals that has marked the relationship of the two men, appeals made in a curious way to what each has come to personify. In 1960, for example, Russell and Johnson fell out over Johnson's acceptance of the Vice-Presidential nomination to run on a civil-rights platform that Russell considered outrageous. Accordingly, he went off to Europe during the summer and declined to campaign for the ticket. It was to Russell in his capacity as uncompromised Southerner that Johnson was finally to appeal by telephone for help in the campaign. "I'm in trouble in Texas," Johnson said, and Russell agreed to go there and give his invaluable endorsement.

More recently, when a Southerner of stature was required to serve on the Warren Commission investigating the circumstances of President Kennedy's death, Johnson again turned to Russell. It was no secret that Russell did not care to serve on anything called the Warren Commission and that he felt he was too busy anyway. The President is said to have invoked the memory of Russell's earlier demand on him in connection with the Senate leadership. "I listened to you then," he reportedly told Russell. "You were like a daddy to me. Now I am the President, and you have to listen to me." One version of the story has it that Russell never did agree to serve, but Johnson announced his appointment anyway.

IF THIS last touch is true, it would be quite typical of the Johnson-Russell relationship. For although it is founded on basic understanding, there is still a good deal of tension and scrappiness to it. The point was widely missed in 1957 and in 1960 by those who considered the civil-rights bills of those years to be the product of amiable sham battles. In the absence of pressure from the public and the White House such as that which now exists, Russell could hold out for much more than he can now in the comfortable knowledge that there simply weren't enough votes for cloture. But within the area in which both Russell and Johnson knew the final bills would be negotiated, there was still plenty of room for maneuver, for double cross, for the grabbing of a sudden advantage. A Senate Democratic aide who was present during the round-the-clock filibuster in 1960 recalls one night when Russell, having been up for twenty-four hours, decided the time had come to go home for some sleep. He made known his intention to Johnson, who seemed grateful since it meant that he too could go home and get some sleep. Thereupon the two good friends bade each other good-night and left the floor to their lieutenants. About half an hour later the aide got a phone call in the cloakroom next to the Senate chamber. It was Russell, still in his Capitol hideaway, wanting to know before he left whether Johnson had in fact gone home. Johnson had not. Behind a wall not far away from where Russell stood at that moment, he too was on the phone to the cloakroom. Before he went home, he wanted to know if Russell had really left.

A Choice He'd Like to Avoid

"In my time," Russell told me recently, "I haven't seen anything like the forces behind this bill." He added that he wasn't "closing the door to any compromise," but that he didn't think "they would give us anything we could accept." "They" in this instance is, of course, Johnson, and Russell understands that

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passage of the bill is more of a political necessity for Johnson than it would have been for Kennedy. "If Johnson compromises," as Russell sees it, "he will be called a slicker from Texas." Russell also understands, perhaps better than anyone else, Johnson's awesome talent for working the Hill. When Johnson had two vacant offices in the Capitol to assign, Russell is fond of relating, he invariably managed to get three Senators' votes in return for them. In any contest for votes, Russell knows that Johnson will be able to outtrade him.

There are other limits to what Russell can do. The dark side of seniority is old age, and Russell's troops may not be able to take the strain of prolonged filibuster. Moreover, should he manage somehow to scuttle the bill altogether, the cloture rule would undoubtedly be changed at the beginning of the next Congress. Within these limits, nonetheless, there is a good deal that Russell can do. The civil-rights coalition can come unstuck at any moment, requiring as it does constant communication and a high degree of mutual confidence among such an unwieldy group of allies as the White House, the Justice Department, the Negro leadership, and both Democrats and Republicans in Congress. Beyond trying to foment a public reaction against the bill, Russell can and will play on whatever suspicions these various parts of the coalition may have of one another. The President has already warned the Senate leaders not to be "sweet-talked" by Russell, who, as is his habit in these fights, has let it be known that certain parts of the bill are more offensive to him than others. Once a civil-rights bill has been broken into for the sake of making moderate alterations, Russell has a way of moving in and getting more. It is also possible that Russell will be able to talk the bill into collision with the Republican national convention, although most people believe that Johnson would be able to get cloture for a fairly strong version of the bill before then.

If by some combination of shrewdness and good luck Russell could kill the bill in its entirety, would he do it? In the past the question would have been easy to answer. Now, however, there is a new factor to be considered. It is Lyndon Johnson, who, Russell has said, "has the potential to become one of the country's great Presidents." In stark and admittedly somewhat melodramatic form, the question is whether Russell could or would endanger Johnson's chance of re-election. With a keen understanding of what was implied in their agreement to disagree in the past, Johnson knows that Russell will move into any opening he is offered; and the President is determined to offer none. Russell is well aware of this fact. Increasingly, in private conversation he has come to dwell on the magnitude and cleverness of the forces now opposing him. It would not be easy or pleasant for Richard Russell to have to decide whether the continued Presidency of Lyndon Johnson or the dismemberment of this year's civil-rights bill would better serve the gentle reconstruction he has in mind for the South. At the moment it is almost as if he were counting on his protégé's power and skill to spare him from having to make that choice.

It Will Be a Hot Summer in Mississippi

RICHARD WOODLEY

For some weeks, civil-rights forces and the state of Mississippi have been maneuvering in preparation for a summer confrontation. The civil-rights groups, united in Mississippi under the name of the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), have announced plans to bring at least a thousand college students into the state from around the country. The state officials declare themselves firmly committed to maintain law and order on the one hand and to thwart COFO on the other.

Neither side is certain about the strategy of the other; neither seems entirely certain of its own. The COFO leaders talk of a peaceful program of political education for Negroes, while anticipating violence (and perhaps, in a way, desiring it, as a means of bringing in the Federal government). The state officials, with drastic new laws and police build-ups, hope by a show of force to keep up their harassment of civil-rights groups, keep down the violence, and keep out the Federal government.

College students are already being screened at the major recruiting centers at Yale, Harvard, the University of Illinois, Oberlin College, the University of Oregon, Stanford University, and the University of North Carolina. They are to staff the programs of what is blandly called the Mississippi Summer Project. This will include possibly as many as fifteen Freedom Schools, concentrating on remedial and political-science classes for Negro high-school pupils and dropouts. Enrollees will be shown how to start school newspapers and organize student governments. There will be cultural programs in music and drama.

Community centers, with less formal programs for all ages, will be set up as long-term projects. They will provide job training and health education, and will serve as places where Negroes can gather for meetings or recreation. The programs started by the Freedom Schools will be continued after the summer, staffed by full-time COFO workers and volunteers from the Negro communities. The National Council of Churches, in co-operation with COFO, plans to establish a number of its own centers in the Delta area, at an estimated cost of $50,000. Two COFO centers are already in operation. In Meridian, Mike and Rita Schwerner, a young married couple from New York City, have transformed dingy second-floor doctors' offices into a pleasant five-room center with a 10,000-book library, a Ping-Pong table, a sewing machine, several

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typewriters, a phonograph, a movie projector, and drawing materials for children. The programs appear to be running smoothly. The Schwerners estimate that 150 people have used the center since it opened late last winter. They report no unusual harassment from city officials and are now busy setting up a system of block captains for canvassing Negro neighborhoods for voter registration.

In the tough Delta town of Greenwood, on the other hand, arrests for picketing to protest voter-registration abuses have kept the center's staff off balance, and the programs have been slower in developing. There is a large library, a nursery with three girls in charge, and off-and-on classes for voter registration and civic education. Downstairs in the two-story brick building, COFO maintains a distribution center for used clothing.

AMONG its special projects, COFO plans to employ summer workers to take polls of "attitudes" in white communities, toward both the racial problem and the COFO program itself. Leaders hope, of course, that the canvassers will also have some success in changing the attitudes of some of the white people. Several Harvard Law School students plan to join the summer project to prepare suits challenging discriminatory laws and to assist in the legal work resulting from the expected arrests. Ten Yale Medical School graduates will set up health clinics. In co-operation with Tougaloo College, a mainly Negro school near Jackson, COFO has already formed a repertory theatre with an integrated troupe that will travel throughout the state this summer to give performances in churches, community centers, and even in the cotton fields.

But COFO's chief purpose—and the one most controversial in Mississippi—is to work on voter registration. Negroes constitute forty-two per cent of the state's population of two million, yet have only 25,000 registered voters. Despite sporadic efforts by the Justice Department and voter-registration work by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), Mississippi has lagged far behind the rest of the South in the fight for the franchise. Two years ago, as a result of growing frustration among SNCC leaders, COFO was formed with SNCC and the other civil-rights organizations—the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Congress of Racial Equality, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference—in order to co-ordinate the effort in Mississippi. Last August it ran a mock "Freedom Party" election in competition with the state's gubernatorial election. President Aaron Henry of COFO and the state NAACP, a forty-two-year-old Negro druggist, ran for governor, and a white chaplain from Tougaloo College, Edwin King, ran for lieutenant governor. They received 80,000 "votes," compared to the 125,000 won officially by Governor Paul B. Johnson, Jr.

Buoyed by this showing, COFO has entered three candidates for Congress in this year's Democratic primary. None are expected to win, but COFO intends to stage another mock election afterward and then contest the state's ballot in Congress on the ground that the state's voter registration was discriminatory.

To the state's officialdom, voter registration represents the most direct threat to the white power structure; to the Negro leaders, it is a prime source of frustration. Despite voting drives and work in preparing Negroes to pass the stiff registration tests, the registrars have been widely effective in blocking them.

"There is a kind of 'This is it' philosophy for Mississippi this summer," according to Peter Countryman, former president of the Northern Student Movement, which is helping recruit students for the summer project. "There is a feeling that they will do anything to get significant change now."

Plans for a Summer

To direct the summer project, COFO has designated Robert Moses, a twenty-nine-year-old New York Negro with a master's degree in philosophy, who has been in charge of SNCC's operation in Mississippi since 1961. A soft-spoken former mathematics teacher, Moses has a reputation as one of the best civil-rights organizers and strategists in the country. His leadership is vital to the daily direction of COFO's state operation.

As the representative of all groups, COFO has overcome the competition that plagues civil-rights groups elsewhere, and finds it easier to attract the support of national agencies such as the National Council of Churches. Its leaders hope that the Federal government will find it easier to justify intervention with lawyers, money, and programs when COFO demonstrates the need. It is also expected that the broader-based effort will bring Federal marshals or troops more quickly should they be necessary.

In taking on the toughest of the segregationist states, where Emmett Till, Mack Parker, and Medgar Evers died, there is widespread repetition of the slogan "Crack Mississippi, and you can crack the South." It provides a rallying cry that expresses both the strategy of the project and its attractiveness to younger recruits in the civil-rights movement.

The full-time COFO workers, clad in dungarees and living on subsistence pay (food, lodging, and ten dollars a week), work long and frantic hours, stoically submitting to arrest and harassment and, occasionally, physical harm. One detects a tight in-group feeling of careless rapture among them, and an attitude of indifference to critics within and outside Mississippi.

THE COFO HEADQUARTERS in Jackson, a one-story white masonry building in the Negro section, has interior walls of plasterboard covered with posters, maps, newspaper clippings, and progress reports from all over the state. On one wall under the red-crayon title "The Opposition," there is an array of newspaper clippings with background information on state and local government officials. Leaning against a wall in another room is a tall green blackboard that carries chalk reports of police action in various towns ("Hattiesburg—Pete Stoner in Jail"). Key staff people moved in and out, on their way to or from other towns where mass meetings were to be held and plans discussed. The four office telephones were kept busy, but always with the possibility that the lines were tapped. There is also a suspicion that much of the mail is

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opened. Hence, very little of importance is discussed outside the closed executive-committee meetings.

The branch offices have even more the atmosphere of unarmed outposts in hostile territory. Only in Meridian, where an unofficial biracial committee has kept down the tension, was the community center comparatively relaxed. In Greenwood, harassment has created an atmosphere of suspicion. After several arrests recently during voter-registration demonstrations, the office became a confused center of activity as workers tried to find out who was in jail and on what charges. Affidavits were taken from Negroes who had been at the scene.

At times like this, there is no certainty that help will be sent. Jackson headquarters will be notified, and there will be attempts to get lawyers (there are reportedly just four lawyers—all Negroes—in Mississippi who will take civil-rights cases). In case of mass arrests or arrests of key leaders this summer, COFO plans to call in other leaders immediately from outside the state.

"If real money comes through," said Moses, "it'll be one kind of program. If it doesn't, it'll be another." Along with an estimated $50,000 the National Council of Churches will put into the Delta, COFO is trying to raise an additional $100,000. SNCC is conducting fund-raising drives at a number of colleges (Yale is trying to raise $15,000), and appeals are being made to the New World, Taconic, and Field Foundations, which have donated in the past. The college students coming to Mississippi are expected to pay their own fare and expenses (about $20 a week), though there may be scholarship grants for needy Negro students from the South.

COFO leaders are less worried about attracting a sizable number of volunteers this summer than about screening them. With the strong emotions involved on both sides, there will be danger, Moses said, in accepting anyone who greatly misunderstands himself, the movement, or Mississippi. At the orientation session in Berea, Kentucky, the latter half of June, there will be concentration on, as Moses put it, "recognizing our own attitudes and the attitudes of the people here." Economic and educational differences between Mississippi and the areas from which the students come will be studied and Mississippi's laws analyzed. Nonviolence will be an important subject for training. "In Mississippi," said a free-lance photographer who has been observing the Mississippi scene, "you don't even go limp when they arrest you. You co-operate, brother."

The screening process will serve to eliminate types of people who could hurt the program. Professor John Maguire of Wesleyan University in Connecticut, who is recruiting students for the summer project, has explained: "We are largely worried about two types: those who are looking for a new kind of 'kick,' sexual or otherwise; and those evangelical souls who will arrive in Mississippi with no more understanding of the situation than to turn their eyes skyward and say, 'Lord, here I am.' "

Moses candidly admitted that much depends on what the Federal government does. Critics suggest that this means the students will be used primarily as bait for intervention by Washington. On the COFO application forms, students are advised to have access to money for bail, and are asked to list names of persons to be contacted should they be arrested.

In the COFO strategy, even staff people are occasionally used as pawns. Recently one COFO worker, an M.I.T. graduate known not to drink, was arrested on a charge of drunkenness. The fine was only $40, but the worker remained in jail for a week while COFO pleaded vainly for Justice Department intervention. "We'll wait until Saturday," said field worker Jesse Morris, "and if nothing happens by then, we'll pay his fine." Morris explained that the summer workers will be expected to let COFO make such decisions if they are arrested.

The Counterplans

The strategy on the state's side appears to be equally hardheaded. The prospect of COFO's student invasion has provoked extensive political and police preparations. Governor Johnson has been working to unite racists and moderates behind him. In his inaugural address in January, Johnson called for an end to hate and violence and an increase in understanding, reminding Mississippians that they are a part of the Union. In March, he asked the legislature for an increase of from 275 to 375 in the number of state highway patrolmen, and additional powers to employ them in maintaining order. The governor told the legislators: "If we allow these invaders to succeed in their dastardly scheme; that is, if we allow them to commit violence or to provoke our own citizens to violence, we will be guilty of a very costly error." There was plenty of room at the state penitentiary, he declared, for "overflow prisoners."

Besides increasing the patrol, the legislature passed several measures aimed at restricting COFO's operations this summer: a bill to permit municipalities to "lend" fire equipment and personnel to each other to quell civil disturbances; a "quarantine" bill that permits municipalities to restrict movements of citizens "when there is imminent danger to the public safety"; a bill making it a felony to circulate material that encourages boycotts; and a bill to prohibit picketing or demonstrations when they "interfere" with entranceways to public buildings or with the "free use of public streets or sidewalks."

This last law, already used to arrest nearly fifty pickets in Hattiesburg, is being challenged in Federal court. But the constitutionality of these laws has caused little concern at the state capitol.

THE JACKSON police force is being expanded, but Assistant Chief M. B. Pierce insisted that the complement of men is simply being brought up to "regular size." He says the force has 390 men, and Jackson newspapers have reported a dozen being added. Mayor Allen Thompson reportedly bought two hundred shotguns last year and has ordered fifty more. Shotgun mounts have been installed in squad cars and on motorcycles. Three flat-bed trailer trucks have been converted into paddy wagons and two city trucks into troop carriers. The crowning piece of weaponry is an armored car called "Thompson's Tank." It has twelve-gauge steel walls and bulletproof windows behind which are seats for

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ten men with shotguns, tear-gas grenades, and a machine gun.

Deputy Chief J. L. Ray said that all this is just good business for a city the size of Jackson, and that none of it is aimed at civil-rights activities this summer. "If a man goes berserk and barricades himself in a building," said Ray, "this car [the tank] will be the safest way for the police to do their job and get him out." Ray believes that this will be the quietest summer in three years if COFO workers stick to their program of schools and community centers. "Spread them across the state," he said, with a wave of his hand, "and a thousand ain't so many." Ray said that "harassment" is a word being grossly overused by civil-rights workers in Mississippi. "Every time one of them gets arrested for anything," he argued, "they call it harassment."

The most ominous question for Mississippi this summer is, "Who will be protected, how well, and by whom?" There is no clear Federal policy on intervention in civil-rights matters, and it is not known how far COFO will push to force it or what Mississippi will do to prevent it. Though both Henry and Moses said that no demonstrations are planned, it is apparent that picketing will play a role in voter registration. "We are definitely not interested in filling up the jails this summer," Henry said. "But who can say there won't be some marching around the courthouse?"

Some state officials argue that the extensive preparations and armaments could just as well be viewed as a means for protecting COFO as persecuting it. It is known that the Ku Klux Klan is reorganizing in southwestern Mississippi, a troubling fact both to the police and to COFO.

WILL the summer project succeed? It is certain that the invasion of students will leave an indelible mark on the state, either as the start of a massive and continuing Negro political-education program or as an eruption of violence. A great many arrests could cripple the program, according to Moses, but he maintains that anyone who thinks it will be stopped underestimates the spirit and commitment of the movement.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Meaning Of the Rail Settlement

A. H. RASKIN

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S settlement of the railroad strike threat, achieved with whirlwind speed after the dispute had dragged through five frustrating years of negotiation, mediation, Presidential fact-finding, legislation, and litigation, was hailed by its architect as a "victory for collective bargaining and for industrial democracy." A triumph it certainly was, but its implications for collective bargaining need much more evaluation than anyone in government, labor, or management seems disposed to give them.

One thing, of course, is clear to everyone: President Johnson, with his tremendous reserves of energy, is going to be the most interventionist of our Presidents in ruling out big strikes. For Mr. Johnson, the decisive step in whether to be a "hands off" or a "can do" President in key labor disputes came when he determined to ask for a rail-strike postponement —the truce that gave him and his mediators the time they needed to effect an accord. The request for delay represented a 180-degree turn from the original White House position, which had been to let the strike come. The how and why of that about-face deserves exploration, both for what it tells about the President and about the altered attitudes of important segments of labor and industry toward governmental involvement in their power struggles.

Enter the Umpire

If ever an industry had government built into its labor relations (to say nothing of its rate structure, routes, service, and a thousand other fields of regulation), the railroads have. As far back as 1888, Congress passed a law for the establishment of Federal panels of inquiry and voluntary arbitration to guard against rail strikes. In 1894 President Cleveland moved in the opposite direction by using Federal troops to smash Eugene V. Debs's strike against the Pullman Company. But ever since then, the trend has been toward more and more Federal machinery for protecting railway unions and preventing strikes without stifling industrial democracy. In 1926, nine years before the Wagner Act put a legal foundation under collective bargaining in other fields, the Railway Labor Act provided what long seemed a model system for keeping the peace with maximum room for private decision-making.

This structure held up well until the early days of the Second World War. When the law's elaborate machinery for achieving direct agreement proved inadequate, the recommendations of Presidential emergency boards were invariably heeded by both sides, even though each was legally free to say "No." Then the unions began finding a back door into the White House and came away with concessions on top of those recommended by emergency boards. These shuttle runs to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue made it evident that board decisions were no longer the end of the line in railroad disputes. Both sides accepted the idea that government was going to be the umpire in all their big quarrels, and collective bargaining vanished on a sidetrack.

Instead of being the last resort in situations of dire national or regional peril, the Presidential emergency boards became the conventional starting point for any serious exchange of positions in even the most routine conflicts. When the battle over featherbedding and the modernization of work rules was joined five years ago, it was no surprise to anyone that a new structure of Federal devices had to be superimposed on the Railway Labor Act.

The interesting thing about these

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devices was not that they failed: the atrophy of bargaining capacity on both sides plus the manifest improbability that the unions would ever agree voluntarily to the wholesale abolition of useless jobs made failure virtually inescapable. What was interesting was the reversal of union and management attitudes toward Federal intervention.

The railroads, traditionally among the loudest voices in industry in deploring the intrusion of government in their affairs and in accusing Washington of discriminating against them in their competition with trucks, airlines, and other carriers, leaned on the government from the start of any dispute. They welcomed every government move and said "Yes" to every settlement recommendation—including a few they considered quite impractical. The unions, after four decades of benefiting from a government peacemaking mechanism they had labored zealously to extend, searched desperately for ways to get government out of the picture so they could exercise their strike weapon.

The upshot of all this, after a seemingly interminable series of union-vetoed peace plans and the fixing of a deadline for a nationwide shutdown, was the passage by Congress last August of the first compulsory arbitration law in the country's peacetime history. The law removed from contention the two issues that no one believed could have been settled by collective bargaining. These involved how to get rid of locomotive firemen and other train crewmen whose jobs had been made superfluous by changed railroad technology. The compulsory arbitration award, now validated by the Federal courts, will bring the railroads eventual payroll savings of more than $300 million a year.

Stating the Unthinkable

With these manpower headaches out of the way, the remaining issues should have presented no particular problem. But the industry had so completely surrendered all initiative to government that the next eight months went by with no progress. When Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz notified the President on the morning of April 8 that a national strike over the rules dispute was scheduled for midnight the next day, he made it plain that he felt there was no chance of getting any independent movement by either side so long as they were convinced that the government would step in with a mandated solution rather than allow a strike.

The initial Johnson-Wirtz strategy was to drop the line the railroads and the unions had become accustomed to hear from the Kennedy administration—that a national strike in their industry was unthinkable. Secretary Wirtz called the negotiators into emergency session and announced that it was up to them to work out their own salvation, and that Uncle Sam could not be counted upon to bail them out yet another time.

But as the strike deadline ticked closer with no change in the chances of a settlement, the President began to worry whether the country could stand the hardships of any shutdown, however brief, of all rail freight, passenger, and commuter service. He also worried whether his prestige could stand it. After all, only last August the approach of just such a tie-up had spurred Congress to pass the compulsory-arbitration bill. How would Mr. Johnson explain that uninterrupted railroad operation was now less vital? And what would it do to the concept of Johnson, the strong, effective President, if he now allowed the trains to stop running?

THE RESULT of all this speculation was the President's successful bid for a postponement, the bringing in of two of the nation's most resourceful mediators, Dr. George W. Taylor and Theodore W. Kheel, and the final hammering out of an agreement without a new recourse to legislative fiat. It in no way detracts from the magnitude of this accomplishment to take note of two indispensable factors that went into the solution.

First, the accord on the work rules never could have been achieved if compulsory arbitration had not already produced a solution of the infinitely more thorny manpower issues. The jobs that the railroads were determined to abolish and that every Presidential review agency agreed ought to be abolished cut so deeply into the ranks of the rail unions that they would never have consented to their abolition on a voluntary basis. No union official could have expected to keep his own job if he went to his members with a proposal that they ratify the liquidation, however gradual, of as much as ninety per cent of the jobs in their craft. This was what the arbitration board finally came up with for locomotive firemen. (Even with the full force of a legal order behind it, the award touched off a brief series of wildcat strikes when the first job cuts were made May 7.)

The arbitration award, limited by law to only two years, will require ten to twenty years for full implementation. On this basis, the carriers were prepared to make substantial investments in the development of a friendlier relationship with the unions as a foundation for contracts to be negotiated after the award expires. This gave the President and his mediators leverage on which they capitalized with great skill. The railroads, having won so handsomely on the featherbedding issue, recognized that it was their turn to give. The only question was how much. In the end, they gave about $74 million a year in adjustments to the unions. This still left them about a quarter of a billion dollars ahead on the total deal.

The second factor essential to the mediation's success was that both sides were aware, from the moment President Johnson requested the strike delay, that they were right back where they were with President Kennedy insofar as any White House readiness to permit a strike was concerned. The more energetically Mr. Johnson proclaimed his determination to get a pact through collective bargaining, the plainer it was to both unions and carriers that the alternative to a voluntary agreement was not a strike but a legislated solution.

Will this type of semi-coercive mediation become the norm in railroads and other key industries? One thing can be said with some certainty: the President's strong natural bent for involving himself—by telephone or in person—in everything he considers material to the national welfare will extend to major strike

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situations in the future. It has not escaped his attention that surveys indicated high popularity for the Kennedy administration's attempts to prevent crippling tie-ups. Yet when White House intervention becomes too predictable, the risk arises of the kind of ineffectuality that now grips Presidential emergency boards under the Railway Labor Act.

Getting Free of Uncle

The administration's immediate effort will be to try to foster in the railroads some counterpart of the Human Relations Committee that has proved so beneficial in promoting year-round discussions and orderly resolution of mutual problems in the steel industry. The committee, an outgrowth of the 116-day steel strike of 1959, is given major credit for the peaceful negotiation of the industry's last two contracts.

The President's special railroad mediators, Taylor and Kheel, are hopeful that the formation of a joint committee to meet without the countdown pressures of the last five turbulent years will do much to improve communication between the carriers and the unions and to free them from their present excessive dependence on government. Communications now are on such a punctiliously diplomatic and distant basis that even after the White House accord, Kheel had to make three flights from his office in New York to Washington for the sole purpose of acting as messenger boy in delivering drafts of detailed contract language from the unions to the employers and vice versa.

The very sterility of the present relationships makes the creation of a mechanism for continuous discussion at once necessary and improbable. After four decades of depending on Uncle Sam as the honest broker, neither side is capable of direct dealings with the other. However, there is a manifest eagerness on the part of the unions to get out from under government tutelage.

In the wage movements they are now carrying forward, the unions hope to return to local bargaining. They will seek to negotiate with one railroad at a time—preferably a profitable one like the Southern Pacific—and then use the settlement obtained there as a pattern. This is in the nature of an atavistic development in an industry that was among the pioneers in nationwide bargaining.

From the standpoint of the industry, picking off the richest railroads through the use of a divide-and-conquer strike technique is much less palatable than having all the roads engage in a single set of negotiations. In the first place, under the Kennedy-Johnson doctrine that the country cannot tolerate a national rail strike, the very existence of industry-wide talks represents insurance against any strike. In the second place, even in an industry in which direct competition is as limited as it is in the railroads, no employer likes to be shut down while everyone else is running.

All this represents a strange twist in the argument that Congress ought to do something to break up the monopoly power of unions. What the rail unions are finding is that the only thing they can accomplish by attempting to utilize their economic strength on a national basis is to invite swift government intervention. To strike at all, they must go back to the old-fashioned way of singling out one or two lines and thus prevent any valid charge that they are paralyzing the country. The carriers, if they cannot again find a way to broaden the area of conflict by posting demands for national rules changes, will undoubtedly fall back on strike insurance and other forms of indemnity to keep struck roads from capitulating too readily to selective tie-ups.

A better recourse for both sides and for the country as well would be the more mature approach to collective bargaining represented by steel's Human Relations Committee. The structure of both management and labor in the railroads is bewilderingly complex. There are 195 railroads, terminals, and switching companies with a voice on the employer side. Some show good profits; others could be made bankrupt by a week-long strike. The problems of the five unions, representing engineers, firemen, trainmen, conductors, and switchmen, are equally diverse. Even under the new contract, the pay structure and work rules on the railroads remain anachronistic, penalizing both the employers and the workers. Moreover, both sides have a common stake in trying to get Congress and the White House to come alive on the splendid program John F. Kennedy drafted two years ago for reforming Federal transportation policy. The essence of the Kennedy plan was to eliminate many of the forms of regulation the railroads consider most discriminatory in their competition with trucks and other carriers. In general, it would provide for the first time a really co-ordinated approach to meeting the country's transportation needs.

Elsewhere on the labor front, the prospect for trouble is slight until the negotiations between the Big Three auto manufacturers and Walter P. Reuther's United Automobile Workers go into high gear this summer. For the administration, the concern in the automobile industry is less about the danger of a strike than about the pressure a settlement may put on its wage-price guidelines. A big wage increase would tend to ripple through the economy and generate inflationary pressure in industries with much tighter profit margins than the auto Big Three.

But the survival of collective bargaining will not be determined by whether Walter Reuther cracks the wage-price guidelines in autos or by the success the President has achieved in the mop-up phase of the railroad dispute. It will be determined by the development in every industry of better methods for resolving the displacement problems created by automation—the issues that had to be resolved through compulsory arbitration on the rails and that are being resolved poorly, if at all, in many other industries.

And no amount of ingenuity or goodwill at the bargaining table and no amount of Presidential prodding can cope adequately with these problems unless the combined activities of government and the private economy generate enough jobs to cut our unemployment rate below the shockingly high rate at which it has stood for the last six years. That is the President's biggest unresolved problem on the domestic front, just as it was his predecessor's.

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A Look Ahead To the Auto Negotiations

THOMAS R. BROOKS

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING in the auto industry this summer is sure to tax the ingenuity of a high-powered crew of negotiators—Walter P. Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, and his "Big Three" management counterparts, Louis G. Seaton of General Motors, Malcolm L. Denise of Ford, and William M. O'Brien of Chrysler. While at present no one would describe auto bargaining as explosive, the potential is there for a big headache for President Johnson. Auto negotiations are scheduled to begin about July 1 on contracts expiring September 1. It is anyone's guess which would prove a greater political embarrassment—a settlement far exceeding the "guidelines" set down by the Kennedy-Johnson administration or a strike.

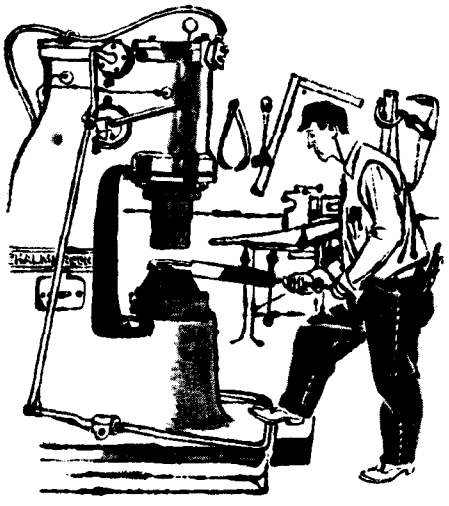
As defined by the President's Council of Economic Advisers, the guidelines state that wage increases should be limited to the annual rise in workers' productivity. Over the past five years this has averaged 3.2 per cent a year for all U.S. manufacturing, according to the council. Without committing himself to a figure, the President has warned the union personally and the industry through CEA Chairman Dr. Walter W. Heller that "The public interest today, more than ever, requires that the stability of our costs and our prices be protected." So the big question about this year's auto negotiations is whether the settlement will revive the wage-price spiral.

Industry has already expressed the view that it will. A spokesman for the General Electric Company, an industry leader, has urged public support for the wage guidelines to enable industry to meet the "rigorous demands of international competition," G.E. Vice-President Virgil B. Day also argued, "A settlement in one prominent industry on the basis of ability to pay soon becomes the pattern for bargaining in others regardless of the cost-push impact on prices in those other industries." But union leaders, openly dissatisfied with the guidelines, are waiting to see just how much of a breakthrough the UAW can make this fall. As for inflation and international competition, the unions share Reuther's dictum: "Let them cut prices."

A Share in Prosperity

At first glance, it seems there is no question that an auto settlement will easily exceed the guideline figure of 3.2 per cent. The *Wall Street Journal* estimates the UAW's "big package" at "nearly" ten per cent. "A bit high for an opener," it quotes an unnamed Big Three company spokesman as saying. According to the same spokesman the union "wants more of everything," and as for the Presidential guidelines, "Mr. Reuther intends to rewrite them."

The auto-union chief has indicated that he does not believe that the guidelines limit unions to the 3.2 per cent figure. The auto industry, he has argued, is so profitable that it can pay more to its workers and still cut prices, thereby making a settlement noninflationary. Industry productivity has been rising an average of 4.9 per cent a year, according to UAW statisticians. "We seek our equity," Reuther said of UAW demands at a recent press conference, and the "most limited definition of that is 4.9 per cent."



This aroused the ire of Heller, who in a speech to the Detroit Economic Club declared that it would be a "misinterpretation of the guideposts" for a union to match wage gain to productivity in its own industry. But Reuther, most observers agree, comes to the bargaining table with the power to insist on his own definitions. The auto industry is booming, and profits are high. According to the UAW research department, profits of the motor-vehicle and parts industry before taxes "easily exceeded" $5 billion in 1963, when General Motors alone registered an after-tax profit of $1.5 billion, This represented a twenty-four per cent return on G.M. stockholders' equity, according to union economists. On April 29, G.M. reported the largest quarterly profits ever achieved by an American company. This obvious embarrassment of riches makes it difficult for the industry to deny some share of its prosperity to its employees. "We go to the bargaining table," Reuther recently told a UAW audience, "under the most favorable economic circumstances that we have ever enjoyed in a major set of negotiations." The union, Reuther added, "has never been stronger, and when . . . we sit down, we will have approximately sixty-five million dollars in our strike fund."

OBVIOUSLY the UAW is bargaining from strength, but there is the limitation imposed by its probable support of President Johnson in the fall campaign. Most observers agree —and the industry is certain to base its strategy on this—that Reuther is not at all eager to be caught up in a strike. Nor, though perhaps for different reasons, is the industry.

Moreover, the economic range within which a settlement must fall is both limited and already known—somewhere between Reuther's 4.9 per cent and the *Wall Street Journal's* ten per cent. But the industrial-relations percentage game is a risky business. If it were not for the human factor, we might turn collective bargaining over to the computers.

There is, for one thing, the question of a percentage base. The

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straight-time day-shift hourly wage is $3 in most auto plants. Average hourly earnings in the industry now range between $3.50 to $3.70, *including fringe benefits.* But it is the composition of Reuther's 4.9 per cent minimum goal that is of real significance. The UAW already has a 2.5 per cent annual improvement factor in its contract, as well as a cost-of-living clause that adds another one per cent a year on the average to the hourly wage. Both of these clauses are up for renegotiation. If they are retained (and this seems likely) and if the UAW manages to secure benefit and wage gains near the guideline figure of 3.2 per cent, the auto union can legitimately claim a victory package of about seven per cent. In money terms this would come to roughly twenty-one cents an hour, an amount exceeding recent trends in negotiations, which have averaged seven to eight cents an hour over each of the last three years. Such a settlement would also exceed the union's record effort in 1955—a 7.2-million-car year—when the new contract provided increases averaging fifteen cents an hour over each of three years. That settlement, which has been variously estimated anywhere from fifteen to twenty cents an hour, is also "the highest we've ever tolerated," according to the same spokesman for a Big Three auto company.

BUT for all the cost-accounting talk concerning the money value of the settlement, it is not the money but the contents of the settlement that will count. If there is a national auto strike this fall, or a raft of local plant walkouts, the auto workers won't leave the plants over money but over such things as a coffee break, relief time, doors on toilet stalls, and the speedup of assembly lines. For management's part, it is not by haggling over nickels and dimes in wage increases that money is made or saved, but in the settling of production standards. Flexibility in the assignment of work is management's optimum goal, a notion strenuously resisted by labor. An auto plant is the kind of place that makes automatic the type of complaint raised by delegate Sigmund Swiontkowski at the recent UAW convention in Atlantic City: "The only time an assembly-line worker can get a drink of water or even blow his nose is if the line breaks down or the shift comes to an end." This apparently is an exaggeration, since the UAW contract guarantees a minimum of twenty-four minutes of personal relief time in eight hours. But ex-servicemen may recall that the Army gave a ten-minute break every hour in training, and auto workers point to the morning and afternoon coffee breaks enjoyed in the front office. To get a coffee break, the auto worker is perfectly willing "to break the flow of production" for a few minutes each day. This is the heresy that Reuther brings to the bargaining table this summer.

He will also carry with him a bagful of bargaining requests; some, like the one for a vacation-pay bonus "because it costs more to take a vacation than to live normally," seem tailor-made for a quick swap for something else, such as longer vacations. (The auto industry trails most others in the length of its paid vacations.) Other requests are raised as a part of a more complicated bargaining ploy. Reuther has been known to raise issues long before he can possibly secure their implementation at the bargaining table. Frequently, such issues are linked to labor's legislative demands. The union's demand for pensions back in the late 1940's, for example, was linked to legislative demands for increased Social Security payments.

Double-time pay for hours worked over forty appears to be a demand falling in this category. The unions have joined the administration in seeking passage of an overtime penalty pay act. At the same time, the UAW, in a test of industry intentions, is pushing the issue in collective bargaining. According to UAW Vice-President Leonard Woodcock, the average auto employee worked 4.4 hours of overtime a week at time and a half in 1963. Double-time pay, UAW leaders argue, would make overtime so costly that it would reduce and possibly eliminate overtime work. In the auto industry, according to Woodcock, this would have meant 47,000 more jobs in 1963. All this is vigorously disputed by industry spokesmen. Overtime is unavoidable in the industry, they argue, because of seasonal and cyclical factors. Double time would increase costs, encourage short-term employment and frequent hiring and layoff. And finally, though industry and union leaders agree in seeing double time as a penalty, workers may simply view it as more money in their pockets. Overtime today is, in fact, often considered a right; its equitable division among employees is a zealously guarded union job function.

Nonetheless, the double-time demand is on the table. Reuther has already indicated a certain flexibility on the question, talking about "two phases of this problem"—a mechanism for its control and a penalty. Conceivably, Reuther would settle for a formula to encompass the former and put off the latter to another day or for Congress to settle. Double time certainly would make changes in U.S. industry pay patterns—perhaps some unforeseen ones for another Reuther cause, salaries for blue-collar workers. However, industry opposition is strong and double time may become moribund like the shorter work week—much talked about but seldom negotiated—among labor demands.

INDEED, the UAW is much more likely to score a cut in working time through early and/or phased retirement. Here, as one industry spokesman said, is "an area of maneuverability." For example, if the mandatory age for retirement were dropped from sixty-eight to sixty-five (already that for executives), eight thousand jobs would open up in G.M. alone. To encourage early retirement, the UAW is seeking an increase in pension payments. This does not seem an insurmountable problem, once the money question is settled. But it is in the area of phased retirement, or possibly some scheme for inverting seniority for short-term layoffs, that Reuther hopes to secure a collective-bargaining breakthrough comparable to the United Steelworkers' extended-vacation plan worked out in last year's steel negotiations. The auto industry already has an early retirement system, starting at age sixty but with reduced pensions. Phased retirement, however, is radically different. It would provide workers over sixty with a longer vacation each year

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until at sixty-five they would be working only half a year. According to Nat Weinberg, a special assistant to Reuther, phased retirement would "lighten the burden of work for older workers, help prepare them psychologically for retirement, and open up jobs for the young."

Phased retirement may be somehow tied into changes in the industry's supplementary unemployment benefits (SUB) system, perhaps by inverting seniority. The question came up when the industry was last in the economic doldrums. Layoffs occurred according to seniority, so that under SUB *younger* workers were off the job collecting sixty-five per cent of their base pay. For a young man with a family this was onerous; he needed full-time pay. But it was a matter of envy for an older worker whose mortgage was paid up and whose kids were out in the world. Under existing seniority rules, the young and the old could not simply reverse places. Now there is some feeling in the industry that under a scheme of phased retirement, such a swap could be worked out.

So far, Reuther has deliberately kept UAW bargaining proposals vague in the interest of "flexibility." But the broad outline of what is wanted and, to a lesser degree, what is obtainable is clear enough. A major change in auto industrial relations is just as clearly under way. But one cannot say today that any given set of negotiations will create a pattern for the rest of industry. Neither the steel negotiations of last year, with the extended-vacations achievement, nor the more recent $400-million trucking pact is a precedent for the auto negotiators. In the late 1940's and early 1950's, the giant unions and industries introduced a wave of innovations—health and welfare benefits, pensions, and the like—that were taken up throughout the economy. Today, this is not the case. What matters, as the railroad negotiations have shown, is the individual corporation or industry profit picture and the ingenuity of labor and management in coming up with solutions to labor-relations problems tailored to their own industries. And the ingenuity of Walter Reuther in such situations is recognized by friend and foe alike.

Moscow: A Day In the People's Court

GEORGE FEIFER

People's Court, Leninskii District, City of Moscow. The room is small, sagging, stuffy. The gray of late afternoon in late December seeps through two double-paned windows. One light bulb is burning. Three spectators wander in. Behind the desk, the tieless judge slowly puts down his glasses.

"Defendant Zaitsov, stand. Do you understand the charge against you?

A small voice, matching the boyish face and faintly dandyish blond hair that go with it, searches for a convincing tone.

"Yes, Comrade Judge, I understand."

"And do you admit your guilt as charged in the indictment?"

No answer. The defendant wrinkles his brow.

"Zaitsov!"

"Of course, I know I acted wrong. Yes, I admit I'm guilty, and I'm ashamed of myself. But the indictment is wrong too. All wrong. I can't admit to all of that."

"So you do not admit your guilt fully?" The judge makes a fleeting, obviously unconscious grimace of impatience. "Exactly what do you admit and what do you deny? Tell us the whole story. The court wants to hear everything you know about the charge."

The defendant assumes a pose, the picture of innocence. His gestures and features are younger than his thirty-three years. He is—the judge has established—Russian, a bachelor, a construction worker earning 105 rubles a month; he was born in a village north of Moscow, received five years' schooling, is not a party member, has never been convicted of a criminal charge. Under his overcoat he sports the only white shirt and tie in the courtroom.

"I admit I let him into line, Comrade Judge. I'm sorry about that—though, you know, everybody does it. But I took no money; there was never any talk about money. I only did it as a favor, to. . . ."

"There was no talk about money? Did you take three rubles from him or did you not?"

"Comrade Judge . . . [pause] . . . yes. I took them. Just to have a drink after he said that. . . ."

"You took the money. You admit that. Three rubles from the victim. And in spite of that you deny your guilt? Defendant Zaitsov, we want the whole story. Start at the beginning and explain exactly what happened."

"It was on the twenty-first. I had just got through working. . . ."

"The twenty-first of what month?"

"Of October, Comrade Judge."

"Go on. What happened on the twenty-first?"

"On the twentieth, I'd worked a double shift on our construction site—you know, we're building apartments. Then I went to my sister's. Just for a little relaxation after the week's work. I stayed overnight. In the morning I told my sister I was

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PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO:

1946 This photograph, taken in 1946, shows a slum in the heart of San Juan. Old tires served as stepping-stones.

1964 Public Housing projects, like the one at right, have replaced many of Puerto Rico's slums. They're found all over the Commonwealth—are now housing 125,000 people.

Look what's happened to the Caribbean's "stricken land" since it became a Commonwealth

TODAY, Puerto Rico is a flourishing Commonwealth.

Yet, 20 years ago, Puerto Rico was called a stricken land with problems beyond solution. One out of three Puerto Ricans lived under conditions similar to those in the small photograph above.

His home was a shack without electricity or running water. He existed on roughly 31 cents a day. And, with luck, he could expect to live 46 years.

Most economic planners who visited Puerto Rico said that poverty and disease were inevitable. Their reasons: too many people, too few natural resources.

One resource that most of these men failed to recognize was the determination of the Puerto Rican people.

For it was the *people* of Puerto Rico who launched "Operation Bootstrap"—an all-out crusade against the disease and poverty that plagued them.

Slums were torn down. Dumps were cleared away. And community improvement projects sprouted all over the island.

Government's role

To create jobs and generate income, the Commonwealth Government offered manufacturers special tax incentives. It opened 12 vocational schools to train skilled workers. It developed power and water resources.

Today, you see the results of this massive self-help program everywhere. Nearly 1,000 new factories are humming away—providing jobs and high new hopes for 120,000 people. New plants continue to open at the remarkable rate of three a week.

How are the people of Puerto Rico using their new prosperity? Drive along some of the Commonwealth's 3,000 miles of paved road and you'll see neat, clean public housing projects like the one in the large photograph at right. You'll see row after row of handsomely landscaped private homes. You'll see busy shopping centers. Inviting new parks, plazas and playgrounds.

Of course, you can still see slums in Puerto Rico. *But, the all-out crusade continues.* In fact, Puerto Rico has become one of the world's healthiest places to live.

Chances are your plant could thrive in this atmosphere, too.

This is one in a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for illustrated progress report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 105K, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

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going to the *yarmarka* [an outdoor bazaar of stalls and booths] to buy a raincoat."

"The Luzhniki *yarmarka* alongside Lenin Stadium?"

"That one, that's right."

"And the raincoat—was it intended for your own use or for resale?"

"For me. Honest, I just needed a new raincoat for myself. The only thing I got for somebody else, Comrade Judge, was for my sister. She gave me twenty-five rubles to buy her a sweater. So first I stood in line for that. The line was very long—for those nice red sweaters. There was this great crowd and I waited a long time. Then I realized I was standing in the wrong line—I'd forgotten to look at the sizes—and I had to go to the tail end of another huge one. Finally they started selling sweaters but the line moved very slowly, and when it got to my turn there were none left. *Oi,* what a waste of two hours, and on Sunday, my day off. And to disappoint my sister! That's when I saw this girl near the booth —she'd just bought herself a sweater. I said, 'Miss, please sell me your sweater, there's none left in stock.' She didn't want to at first, but finally changed her mind. So I gave her twenty rubles for the sweater: it had cost her eighteen rubles fifty kopecks. And that was that."

Zaitsov stands shyly, earnestly, unblinkingly before the judge, telling his story with plaintive intensity. The spectators seem persuaded. The judge is unmoved.

"All right Zaitsov, enough! Nobody's accused you of anything about any sweater. Get to the raincoat, will you?"

"Of course, Comrade Judge, the raincoat. You see, then I stood in line for a few hours for a raincoat—the line for my size this time. They were selling these new belted Polish raincoats, and you can imagine that the line was pretty long again. Plus lots of people who were butting in. You know how it works. Well, I'm standing there pretty near the front finally, and suddenly this man comes up to me, this stranger, and says he's in a terrific hurry. He says he's got a car waiting for him—to go south, on vacation. He's been to the *yarmarka* three days in a row, he tells me, but couldn't get a coat, and it looks like another day is going to be shot because he's Number 465 back on my line and he doubts that he'll *ever* get to the booth. He tells me all this and I feel sorry for him. So I let him in—in my place. That's the whole story. It's just that he was in a hurry to go on vacation."

"And the socks?"

"Yes, the socks, Comrade Judge. That's simple. After he gets his belted raincoat, he suggests we go buy some socks, his supply of socks is running out. So he gives me ten rubles and goes to tell his car to wait and I find that line and ask a girl to let me in; I tell her I'll return her kindness. Then I buy a few pair of socks."

"What size?"

"Twenty-five."

"And what's your size?"

"Twenty-three."

"So the socks were no good *for you.* You couldn't use them *yourself.*" (To prove speculation, it must be shown that the accused bought an article intending to resell it for profit, not to use it himself.)

"I gave one pair of socks—they were good ones, with elastic tops—to the girl and offered two pairs to that man. He agreed to buy them. And that's all there was to it, Comrade Judge. Then we separated and he thanked me warmly. He said, 'I'm very grateful; you helped me with my shopping a lot.' "

"How much change did you give him?"

"Er . . . [pause] . . . I . . . forget."

THE JUDGE fumbles with his glasses again and glances at the dossier. "You gave him four rubles, isn't that right? When you had just bought the socks for two rubles and fifty kopecks a pair the minute before. That makes five rubles but you charged six. You made a ruble profit on the deal. Is that or is it not correct?"

"Er . . . yes." Zaitsov hangs his head.

"Plus three rubles for selling your place in line. Disgusting! You know it's disgusting. You deliberately milked a stranger, a Soviet citizen, a workingman just like yourself, of four rubles. Just like that. It's a plain case of intentional cheating. And you had it all planned, Zaitsov. Isn't that right?"

"Absolutely not, Comrade Judge. Oh no, I didn't mean to sell him anything." Zaitsov fairly trembles with conviction. "It just happened that way. When we separated, he said, 'I must thank you, I'd be happy to drink with you properly. But I'm in a great hurry. So take this instead' —he handed me three rubles—'and drink on it as a token of thanks.' At that moment a citizen rushes up to us shouting, 'I'm an *operatif,* give me your passport and come with me.' That whole *yarmarka* is crawling with detectives, snooping around, just waiting for anyone to make one false move. So this guy arrests me and takes me to the station house. That's how it happened: the rubles were pressed on me, I didn't even want to take them."

"Then what made you?"

"Can you insult a man who offers you a drink?"

The judge clears his throat, surveys his shabby courtroom and sighs, preparing himself for distasteful work. He is a workingman's fifty, steel-toothed and wizened. His voice is colorless, not angry and not compassionate, but alert.

"Do you really expect the court to believe that? Your story sounds like a farce. Never mind; we'll hear the witnesses. But first I must find out something more from you. Now, Zaitsov, this is not the first time with this same thing, is it? It's the third time, at least. You have been warned. Good people—the authorities—have tried to reform you. The third time. The same disgraceful business. Why did you do it again? Why? How can you, a Soviet worker, allow yourself to decay into a rotten little swindler, a petty speculator? Do you know what you're forcing us to do with you?"

Zaitsov's game is up: a blank look of defeat spreads over his face. "I didn't *want* to take the three rubles. . . ."

"And on October 6, just two weeks before—what happened then?"

"*Oi,* Comrade Judge . . . that was a mistake. Honest." It turns out that on October 6, the defendant was fined twenty rubles for selling his place in line to buy Czech woolen underwear. (That was an administrative fine, not entered on his record as a criminal conviction.)

"Yet you failed, you refused to

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learn any lesson from that fine. Well, you force us to treat you less gently. Now tell the court: aside from October 6, did you ever before engage in petty speculation?"

"No, Comrade Judge. Just two mistakes."

"Never?"

No answer.

"There is no point in hiding the truth from us."

"Maybe something very minor—long ago."

"When?"

"In 1959. May first."

The judge sighs. "Tell us about that."

His composure gone, Zaitsov stammers through a lengthy narrative, obviously embellished during scores of tellings. The court learns that at one time, Zaitsov had worked in a construction crew that won the title Brigade of Communist Labor. The award was an expense-paid May Day trip to Leningrad, on which he sold his place for thirty rubles to a worker from another brigade.

"And this was in 1959?"

"I don't remember, Comrade Judge. My memory is bad."

"1959. Now strain your poor memory and tell the court about the other incidents."

"I can't remember. I don't think there were any more."

"None? Think! In 1959, a few months later—do you remember that?"

"Yes." Zaitsov makes another simple story complex. In 1959, he bought a camera and resold it almost immediately, pocketing a twenty-five per cent profit. Then he sold a rug. Then he dealt in jazz records.

"Don't you understand that there have been too many of these incidents? It's no longer a joke. You're on your way to becoming a dangerous criminal. Why? What makes you cheat like this?"

"Comrade Judge, I don't even know how it happens. I'm sorry."

"Was it necessary for you to cheat? Was there something you needed? Something lacking? Were you in difficult straits? We want to hear your motive."

No answer. The defendant rests his head on his chest and covers his eyes.

"Maybe you'll think it over and tell the court how those three rubles *really* changed hands. Your story is weak. Don't think I'm talking you into anything. But we'll give you a chance to think it over. If you've made mistakes in life, you yourself must be the first to recognize and correct them. You must judge yourself honestly; then things will be better for you. Your job is to reform yourself, to make yourself an honest, upright Soviet citizen. Young man, you simply cannot go on like this, cheating like a bourgeois moneylender, scavenging for profits, filling your pockets with filthy money squeezed from the toilers, living like a parasite, a fungus, a blemish on our Soviet society. A society building Communism cannot tolerate a piece of rust like you. We must scrape it away. But unless you reform, unless *you* see the folly of your ways, the punishment won't do you any good. You've got a skill: 'a construction worker' is a proud title in our land. And you go around dreaming only of rotten little profits. Disgusting! Intolerable! Are you a son of the working class, or some capitalist scum? Your greed will only destroy you. We are trying to help you stop it, but first you must tell the whole truth and explain *why* you continue with this ugly cheating."

No answer. Finally the defendant looks at the judge. "I'm truly sorry, Comrade Judge. I swear it will never happen again. Give me a chance to show I can be a useful member of Soviet society."

THREE WITNESSES are called. The first is the "victim," a swarthy, mustached Georgian in a ragged work jacket who has stared fiercely at both judge and defendant throughout the trial. He testifies, sullenly, that Zaitsov solicited the sale of both the place in line and the socks. The judge berates him, only slightly less vehemently than he did Zaitsov, for "taking part in a disgusting violation of Soviet morality. You knew it was wrong to buy your way into lines, yet you bribed the defendant to do it. You're hardly less guilty than he is."

The Georgian is furious—at the judge for his lecture and at the defendant for allowing it to be known that a Russian got the better of a Georgian. He shouts at the judge in thick Russian: "I needed the stuff and I paid for it. You do the same when you need things. Don't make a murder case out of this, I just wanted to get something decent to wear on vacation. I haven't been home to Tbilisi in three years. This guy knew how to operate in that lousy *yarmarka* and I didn't."

A middle-aged woman who was behind them in the raincoat line testifies next. She heard the two men talking and saw the exchange of the socks and the place in line, but heard no details of the transactions. The third witness does not appear; the judge reads the statement he made for the pre-trial investigation. He is the detective who made the arrest. He repeats the charge of the indictment—that the defendant willfully sold his place in line and two pairs of socks for motives of profit—adding that Zaitsov is a known operator whom the detectives in that *yarmarka* and others had been warned to keep under surveillance.

"Any other questions or comments? Anything unclear? Nothing from anyone? Defendant, what have you to say for your last word?"

"Comrade Judge"—the voice now

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rings with genuine contrition—"I have committed too many shameful acts. I am not worthy of the great title of Soviet citizen. But I have learned my lesson at last, I have learned how ugly my greed appears to others. I have no excuse. But I swear that I am already on the road to reform, and therefore I beg the court not to make my punishment too severe."

"Is that all? The court will retire to reach the verdict."

The windows are black: the hearing has lasted an hour and writing the verdict takes another half. When the trial is resumed, there are no surprises. "In the name of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic" it was found that the defendant Zaitsov, Viktor Mikhailovich, committed the acts charged in the indictment, that is, crimes specified by Article 154 (III) of the criminal code: petty speculation, committed repeatedly. In appointing measures of punishment, the court took into consideration the defendant's long history of speculative activity and obvious unwillingness to learn from administrative warnings, and also his apparently genuine promise to reform. The sentence is a year of "corrective labor" without deprivation of freedom. Zaitsov must continue to work at his construction job and forfeit twenty per cent of his wages to the state.

"Defendant, is the sentence clear to you?"

"Yes, Comrade Judge, it is clear and I thank you; you will never see me in court again." He shuffles out quickly, looking contrite and relieved.

The courtroom is empty in a minute. The judge gets up stiffly, lights a *papirosa,* and puts away his glasses. "Fat chance we won't see him again," he mutters, not quite under his breath. "*Oi,* these speculators, these good-for-nothings. How can we teach the young generation their morals?"

The secretary yawns.

"Good night, Inna Filipovna. Don't forget to send a copy of the sentence to Zaitsov's trade union. We've got to break him of his greed somehow or next he'll be in here for stealing. What I'd really like to do is shut down that *yarmarka.* It gives us more trouble than all the rest of the district."

How the Farmers Get What They Want

THEODORE LOWI

In his Farm Message of January 31, President Johnson proposed that Congress establish a bipartisan commission to investigate the concentration of power in the food industry. In the same message the President called for new legislation to strengthen farmer co-operatives, to encourage their expansion through merger and acquisition, and to provide them with further exemptions from the anti-trust laws.

This was the beginning of the "Johnson round" in agriculture. It is part of a familiar pattern. An attack on the food industry's market power, coupled with proposals for expanded and stronger farm co-operatives, is obviously not an attack on concentration itself. Rather it is an attack on the intervention of nonagricultural groups into strictly agricultural affairs.

That agricultural affairs should be handled strictly within the agricultural community is a basic political principle established before the turn of the century and maintained since then without serious re-examination. As a result, agriculture has become neither public nor private enterprise. It is a system of self-government in which each leading farm interest controls a segment of agriculture through a delegation of national sovereignty. Agriculture has emerged as a largely self-governing federal estate within the Federal structure of the United States.

President Johnson recognized these facts within three weeks of his accession when he summoned a conference of agricultural leaders to formulate a program by which agriculture should be served and regulated. The most recent concession to agriculture's self-government was the wheat-cotton bill. Because cotton supports were too high, the cotton interests wrote a bill providing for a subsidy of six to eight cents a pound to mills in order to keep them competitive with foreign cotton and domestic rayon without touching the price supports. On the other hand, wheat supports were too low because wheat farmers last year in referendum overwhelmingly rejected President Kennedy's plan to provide some Federal regulation along with supports. The wheat section of the new act calls for a program whereby wheat farmers may voluntarily comply with acreage reduction for subsidies of up to seventy cents a bushel but without the Federal supply regulations. The press called this a major legislative victory for Mr.

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Johnson, but the credit is not his. That the press could see this as a victory for anyone but organized cotton and wheat is a testimonial to the total acceptance by President, press, and public of the principle that private agricultural interests alone govern agriculture and should do so.

THE REASONS for agriculture's self-government are deep-rooted, and the lessons to be drawn are important to the future of American politics. For a century agriculture has been out of step with American economic development. Occasional fat years have only created unreal expectations, to be undercut by the more typical lean years.

Quite early, farmers discovered the value of politics as a counterweight to industry's growth and concentration. Land-grant and homesteading acts were followed by governmental services in research and education. Continuing distress led to bolder demands. First there were efforts to effect a redistribution of wealth in favor of agriculture. As a debtor class, farmers saw inflation as the solution, and Bryan was their spokesman for cheaper money and cheaper credit. The monopolies, the railroads, the grain merchants and other processors, the banks, and the brokers were to be deprived of power over the market by dissolution or by severe restraints. Next, farmers sought solutions by emulating the business system: the co-operative to restrain domestic trade and international dumping over high tariff walls to restrain international trade. Yet all these mechanisms either were not enacted or did not live up to expectations.

With the coming of the New Deal and with its help, organized agriculture turned to self-regulation. The system created during the 1930's has endured to this day, and with only a few marginal additions and alterations is accepted almost unanimously by farm leaders. Self-regulation might have taken several forms, the most likely one being a national system of farm-leader representation within a farmers' NRA. Instead, a more complicated system of highly decentralized and highly autonomous subgovernments developed, largely for Constitutional reasons. Agriculture was the most "local" of the manufacturing groups the Federal government was trying to reach. The appearance if not the reality of decentralizing Federal programs through farmer-elected local committees helped avoid strains on the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. But this avoidance of Constitutional troubles created very special political difficulties.

The Local Committees

The Federal Extension Service shows how the system works. It is "co-operative" in that it shares the job of farm improvement with the states, the land-grant colleges, the county governments, and the local associations of farmers. The county agent is actually employed by the local associations. In the formative years, the aid of local chambers of commerce was enlisted, the local association being the "farm bureau" of the chamber. In order

to co-ordinate local activities and to make more effective claims for additional outside assistance, these farm bureaus were organized into state farm bureau federations. The American Farm Bureau Federation, formed at the Agriculture College of Cornell University in 1919, was used as a further step toward amalgamation. To this day there is a close relationship between the farm bureaus, the land-grant colleges, and the Extension Service. This transformation of an administrative arrangement into a political system has been repeated in nearly all the agricultural programs during recent decades. The Extension Service exercises few controls from the top. There are cries of "Federal encroachment" at the mere suggestion in Washington that the Department of Agriculture should increase its supervision of the extension programs or co-ordinate them with other Federal activities.

As the financial stakes have grown larger, the pattern of local self-government remains the same. Price support—the "parity program"—is run by the thousands of farmer-elected county committees that function alongside but quite independently of the other local committees. Acreage allotments to bring supply down and prices up are apportioned among the states by the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service. State committees of farmers apportion the allotment among the counties. The farmer-elected county Stabilization and Conservation Committees receive the county allotment.

These committees made the original acreage allotments among individual farmers back in the 1930's; today, they make new allotments, work out adjustments and review complaints regarding allotments, determine whether quotas have been complied with, inspect and approve storage facilities, and perform as the court of original jurisdiction on violations of price-support rules and on eligibility for parity payments. The committees are also vitally important in the campaigns for the two-thirds vote required to fix high price supports. Congress determines the general level of supports, and the Secretary of Agriculture proclaims the national acreage quotas for adjusting the supply to the guaranteed price. But the locally elected committees stand between the farmer and Washington.

Most other agricultural programs have evolved similarly. Each is independent of the others, and any conflicts or overlapping mandates have been treated as nonexistent or beyond the jurisdiction of any one agency. The Soil Conservation Service operates through its independent soil-conservation districts, of which there were 2,936 in 1963, involving ninety-six per cent of the nation's farms. Each district's farmer-elected committee is considered a unit of local government. The Farmer Co-operative Service operates through the member-elected boards of directors of the farm co-ops. In agricultural credit, local self-government is found in even greater complexity. The Farm Credit Administration

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exists outside the Department of Agriculture and is made up of not one but three separate bodies politic, a triangular system mostly farmer-owned and totally farmer-controlled.

Ten Systems and Politics

The ten principal self-governing systems in agriculture, in fiscal 1962, disposed of $5.6 billion of the total of $6.7 billion in expenditures passing through the Department of Agriculture. During the calendar year 1962, $5.8 billion in loans was handled similarly. This combined amount represents a large portion of the total of Federal activity outside national defense.

Each of the ten systems has become a powerful political instrumentality. The self-governing local units become one important force in a system that administers a program and maintains the autonomy of that program against political forces emanating from other agricultural programs, from antagonistic farm and nonfarm interests, from Congress, from the Secretary of Agriculture, and from the President. To many a farmer, the local outpost of one or another of these systems *is* the government.

The politics within each system is built upon a triangular trading pattern involving the central agency, a Congressional committee or subcommittee, and the local district farmer committees (usually federated in some national or regional organization). Each side of the triangle complements and supports the other two.

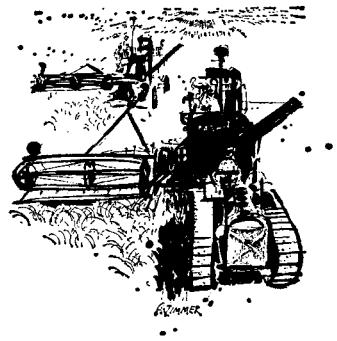
The Extension Service, for example, is one side of the triangle completed by the long-tenure "farm bureau" members of the Agriculture Committees in Congress and, at the local level, the American Farm Bureau Federation with its local committees. Further group support is provided by two intimately related groups, the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities and the National Association of County Agricultural Agents.

Another such triangle unites the Soil Conservation Service, the Agriculture subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, and the local districts organized in the energetic National Association of Soil Conservation Districts. Further support comes from the Soil Conservation Society of America (mainly professionals) and the former Friends of the Land, now the Izaak Walton League of America.

Probably the most complex of the systems embraces the parity program. It connects the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service with the eight (formerly ten) commodity subcommittees of the House Agriculture Committee and the dozens of separately organized groups representing the various commodities. (Examples: National Cotton Council, American Wool Growers Association, American Cranberry Growers Association.) These groups and congressmen draw support from the local price-support committees wherever a particular commodity is grown.

The Farmer Had His Way

These systems have a vigorous capacity to maintain themselves and to resist encroachment. They have such institutional legitimacy that they have become practically insulated



from the three central sources of democratic political responsibility. Thus, within the Executive branch, they are autonomous. Secretaries of Agriculture have tried and failed to consolidate or even to co-ordinate related programs. Within Congress, they are sufficiently powerful to be able to exercise an effective veto or create a stalemate. And they are almost totally removed from the view, not to mention the control, of the general public. (Throughout the 1950's, Victor Anfuso of Brooklyn was the only member of the House Agriculture Committee from a nonfarm constituency.)

Important cases illustrate their power:

¶ In 1947, Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson proposed a consolidation of all soil-conservation, price-support, and FHA programs into one committee system with a direct line from the committees to the Secretary. Bills were prepared providing for consolidation within the price-support committees. Contrary bills provided for consolidation under soil conservation districts. The result: stalemate. In 1948, a leading farm senator proposed consolidation of the programs under the local associations of the Extension Service. Immediately a House farm leader introduced a contrary bill. The result: continuing stalemate.

¶ In Waco, Texas, on October 14, 1952, Presidential candidate Eisenhower said: "I would like to see in every county all Federal farm agencies under the same roof." Pursuant to this promise, Secretary Ezra Taft Benson issued a series of orders during early 1953 attempting to bring about consolidation of local units as well as unification at the top. Finally, amid cries of "sneak attack" and "agricrat," Benson proclaimed that "any work on the further consolidation of county and state offices . . . shall be suspended."

¶ From the very beginning, Secretary Benson sought to abandon rigid price supports and bring actual supports closer to market prices. In 1954, as he was beginning to succeed, Congress enacted a "commodity set-aside" by which $2.5 billion of surplus commodities already held by the government were declared to be a "frozen reserve" for national defense. Since the Secretary's power to cut price supports depends heavily upon the amount of government-owned surplus carried over from previous years, the commodity set-aside was a way of freezing parity as well as reserves. Benson eventually succeeded in reducing supports on the few commodities over which he had authority. But thanks to the set-aside, Congress, between fiscal 1952 and 1957, helped increase the value of commodities held by the government from $1.1 billion to $5.3 billion. What appeared, therefore, to be a real Republican policy shift amounted to no more than giving back with one hand what had been taken away by the other.

¶ President Eisenhower's first budget sought to abolish farm home-

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building and improvement loans by eliminating the budgetary request and by further requesting that the 1949 authorization law be allowed to expire. Congress overrode his request in 1953 and each succeeding year, and the President answered Congress with a year-by-year refusal to implement the farm housing program. In 1956, when the President asked again explicitly for elimination of the program, he was rebuffed. The Housing subcommittee of the House Banking and Currency Committee added to the President's omnibus housing bill a renewal of the farm housing program, plus an authorization for $500 million in loans over a five-year period, and the bill passed with a Congressional mandate to use the funds. They were used thereafter at a rate of about $75 million a year.

¶ On March 16, 1961, President Kennedy produced a "radically different" farm program in a special message to Congress. For the first time in the history of price supports, the bill called for surplus control through quotas placed on bushels, tons, or other units, rather than on acreage. An acreage allotment allows the farmer to produce as much as he can on the reduced acreage in cultivation. For example, in the first ten years or so of acreage control, acreage under cultivation dropped by about four per cent, while actual production rose by fifteen per cent. The Kennedy proposal called for national committees of farmers to be elected to work out the actual program. This more stringent type of control was eliminated from the omnibus bill in the Agriculture Committees of both chambers and there were no attempts to restore them during floor debate. Last-minute efforts by Secretary Orville L. Freeman to up the ante, offering to raise wheat supports from $1.79 to $2.00, were useless. Persistence by the administration led eventually to rejection by wheat farmers in 1963 of all high price supports and acreage controls.

THE POLITICS of this rejected referendum is of general significance. Despite all the blandishments and inducements of the administration, the farmer had his way. The local price-support committees usually campaign in these referendums for the Department of Agriculture, but this time they did not. And thousands of small farmers, eligible to vote for the first time, joined with the local leadership to help defeat the referendum. It is not so odd that wheat farmers would reject a proposal that aims to regulate them more strictly than before. What is odd is that only wheat farmers are allowed to decide the matter. It seems that in agriculture, as in many other fields, the regulators are powerless without the consent of the regulated.

Agriculture is the field where the distinction between public and private has been almost completely eliminated, not by public expropriation of private domain but by private expropriation of public domain. For more than a generation, Americans have succeeded in expanding the public sphere without giving thought to the essential democratic question of how each expansion is to be effected. The creation of private governments has profoundly limited the capacity of the public government to govern responsibly and flexibly.

Portugal's Last Stand In Mozambique

PETER SCHMID

MOZAMBIQUE

THE CHATTER of machine pistols and the crack of rifles shattered the lazy Sunday calm of this port town that stretches down a long island from the ancient fort of São Sebastião. The Negro pulling my rickshaw through the narrow, crooked streets of the former capital that gave its name to the entire territory of Portuguese East Africa stopped abruptly. "There is shooting going on here," a policeman needlessly remarked, waving us away. I got out to see for myself, and in a nearby courtyard I found the whites of Mozambique being taught marksmanship by a group of Portuguese Army officers.

One ragged squad of men ran toward an imaginary enemy. At an officer's command they fired from the hip, their bullets drumming against a line of targets set up along the wall. Nearby, a prim, rather elegant lady was grasping her machine pistol as if it were a poisonous snake. Her husband dutifully supported her while she took aim. But when the deadly tube began its stuttering, she almost fell over. The young boys were bolder. As they aimed and fired their pistols, they were imagining themselves as great heroes.

Heroes and heroism may well be needed here in the near future. Several hundred miles to the north, past the mountainous lands of the wild Maconde warriors who mutilate their faces into demoniac masks with grotesque geometric tattoos, lies Tanganyika. In its capital, Dar es Salaam, I watched another group from Mozambique preparing for the future. They were black. Their leader, Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, is forming an army of liberation in Tanganyika to bring "uhuru" to Mozambique. He told his listeners that his agents pass unhindered across the Rovuma, the frontier river that flows through

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the sparsely settled and thinly guarded region. He said they travel up and down the country unrecognized by PIDE, the Portuguese secret police. He said that the native troops are thoroughly infiltrated and the Maconde are only waiting for the signal to revolt. He spoke in American-accented English that was translated for the benefit of his followers into tribal dialects by an interpreter. Many of those at the meeting were Maconde. When Mondlane gives the signal for the revolt—and that may come soon—the Portuguese will have to fight in the Maconde country, which is well suited for guerrilla warfare.

Good Neighbors on the Limpopo

The official Portuguese view of all this is, of course, reassuring. The Portuguese administrator of Rueda, the capital of the Maconde district, told me: "The Maconde are too deeply rooted in tribal consciousness, too primitive, to be susceptible to political propaganda. The rebel leaders up here come from the south; they don't even speak the same language as the Maconde. The Maconde do not trust them."

Yet in Rueda, the friendly and relaxed atmosphere in the rest of Mozambique is absent; a definite tension is evident. When the white man drives by, the Maconde stare silently and stolidly from the roadside. Elsewhere, the native men doff their caps and bow, while the women smile and clap their hands. In this wild country, the Maconde have never been fully subdued by the Portuguese. Even before the wind from Tanganyika began to carry the whispered message of "uhuru," unrest flared, shots were fired, and men died.

The Portuguese stubbornly insist that the country is calm and contented, that the rebellion in Mozambique's sister colony, Angola, was fomented from abroad and viewed by the native population with horrified disapproval. It is very difficult to tell whether the Portuguese believe their own story. In Mozambique, no open and honest discussion of the situation is possible. But one thing is certain: the Portuguese mean to stay. White peasants are streaming into this "overseas province" from Portugal with the encouragement and financial aid of the Salazar régime.

One government farm development lies along the fertile banks of the Limpopo River, far to the south of the nervous north country. About fifteen hundred families, a third of them black, have been settled there, and eventually the government hopes to bring three thousand families into this racially integrated development. Most of the whites were poor tenant farmers in the mother country, toiling for miserable wages on someone else's land. Now they are masters of small farms. Many of their neighbors are Negroes. In theory, Portugal extended citizenship to all the natives in its African colonies through the repeal in 1961 of the Indígena Law, which categorized the Africans as "civilized" and "non-civilized." But in practice, reforms are much easier to promulgate than to carry out in fact. The natives still must pass a literacy test and pay a burdensome annual tax of $7 to vote and hold office, two requirements that also apply to white and mulatto citizens. In 1950, Mozambique had a population of 5,733,000, of which 4,353 were *assimilados* or "civilized" natives. A highly questionable later survey placed the number of *assimilados* at 35,000. The road to full citizenship for the black is rugged, but theoretically it is now open.

In recent years the Salazar régime has spent a great deal on farm developments but very little on development of manufactures. Portugal does not intend to industrialize Mozambique. The plan is to carve an agrarian society out of the bush country. Mozambique's only textile mill, in Vila Pery, employs some two thousand workers and produces forty per cent of Mozambique's cloth requirements. The mill's managers would like to expand their operations but are blocked by the Lisbon authorities, who believe that the colony should send the mother country cheap raw materials and then serve as a market for high-markup finished goods. Since it costs more to produce the goods in Mozambique than in Portugal, Lisbon refuses to expand the Vila Pery operation. This does not mean that Portugal is not investing in Mozambique. In 1959, Portugal announced a new six-year-plan to spend $300 million in its African overseas provinces, a staggering sum considering the poverty of the nine million Portuguese.

Portugal has also shipped twenty thousand soldiers into Mozambique. While the revolt in Angola has been contained by the use of severely repressive measures, the army is trying a different approach here. The soldiers are prudently spread throughout the countryside, and have few military duties. The authorities, reacting to the bitter experience in Angola, understand the philosophy of guerrilla warfare. Tactical victories are meaningless if the guerrillas enjoy the support of the native population. So the army is trying to win the respect and affection of the black population for itself and Portugal. Health and education patrols make their way into the most remote areas. One patrol that I accompanied set up its headquarters in a dilapidated church far from the coastal cities. While the army chaplain taught a host of children their ABCs in the church proper, the sacristy echoed to the wails of children who had been brought to the army doctors by their mothers. These children were afflicted with the old evils that plague poor and primitive people the world over: trachoma, skin disease, malnutrition. After treatment each child was presented with the best prophylactic of all: a bar of soap. The soldiers were greeted as friends by the Africans.

When the soldiers are not in the bush they are quartered in some of the most unmilitary camps imaginable. At one installation I visited, the men—who had been there for two years—lived in native-style huts complete with pet monkeys. Many of them will not return to Portugal and poverty. They will settle in Mozambique, where fertile land is theirs for the taking. These men spend their off-duty hours building the homes they will live in after they are discharged. They intend to send for their families, get a loan from the ministry of agriculture, and plant cotton. These men also represent the nucleus of a powerful militia that is absolutely necessary if the government is to win a war against nationalist guerrillas.

The campaign to win the loyalty of

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the natives is waged on other fronts as well. The system of compulsory labor, under which every African was forced into six months of ill-paid work on a plantation each year, has been abolished. As a consequence, labor has become scarce and wages have risen. The notorious method of beating recalcitrant Africans with a perforated wooden paddle, leaving the victim's hands disfigured with painful blisters, has been outlawed. Portuguese overseers are now forbidden even to box an African's ears. And on his tours through the country, the governor-general pays as much attention to public relations as an American Presidential candidate. He even stops and shakes hands with the black field hands, though with a visible lack of pleasure.

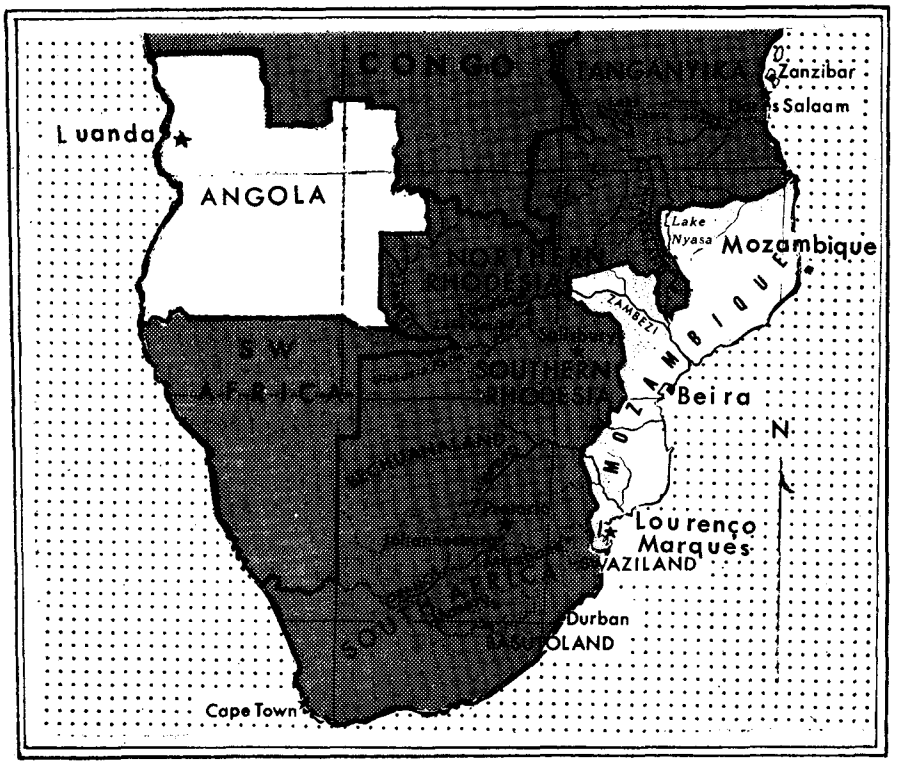
The Portuguese still keep close watch on the blacks' activities. PIDE can be counted on to do its job here as in Lisbon. African organizations of any kind are frowned upon, and the few that do exist are under close surveillance.

But Mozambique is more than eight times larger than Portugal. Texas could be comfortably accommodated in its 297,000 square miles, and even the PIDE cannot be everywhere all the time. Not only do the black nationalists get their message to the bush people, but the ancient Moslem communities in the north have been exposed to Pan-Arab literature and portraits of Nasser.

A White Buffer Zone

In the international political arena, Portugal, with the support of South Africa, contends that since Mozambique is an "overseas province," not a colony, its affairs are strictly Portugal's business. South Africa's interest in Mozambique and Angola is obvious. The two Portuguese colonies, together with Southern Rhodesia, form a white-dominated buffer against black Africa. The Mozambique-South African Convention, which was first signed in 1909, has allowed South Africa to recruit sixty-five thousand to eighty thousand blacks annually in Mozambique to work in the mines of the Transvaal. In return, South Africa guaranteed that a sizable percentage of the freight on the Transvaal rail line would be routed through Mozambique's capital and chief port city, Lourenço Marques.

Since the Second World War, Portugal has made some effort to offer the blacks at least enough education to become assimilated. In 1909, with a black population of millions, barely a thousand blacks and mulattoes were being given a primary education in Mozambique. By 1959 the rudimentary schools, where students study reading, writing, and arithmetic for three to five years, boasted 391,134 pupils, the vast majority in schools operated by the Catholic Church. Professor James Duffy of Brandeis University, in his book *Portugal in Africa,* estimated that only one African student in forty had the opportunity to complete the rudimentary school that year. Thus, according to Duffy, "about one-fifth of one per cent of the total African population in Mozambique achieves a modicum of literacy each year." Moreover, fewer than 6,000 of those pupils continued their education and went on to elementary school.



In addition to the Catholic schools, Protestant missions, mostly Swiss and British care for about sixty thousand natives. These missions have often been harassed, some even closed temporarily, by the authorities, who seem to feel that they undermine the official policy of entrusting all education to the Church. Hearts and minds were to be imbued with Portuguese civilization along with the Christian faith. Privately, the Portuguese will admit that they still are not delighted with the presence of the Protestant mission schools. They point out that Dr. Mondlane attended a Swiss mission school before journeying to the United States to complete his academic training. And they also note that revolt-torn Angola numbers half a million Negro Protestants among its 4.8 million people.

Too Late?

As more of its people learn to read, the press in Mozambique becomes more important. Two of the largest papers in the province, *Tribuna* and *Diario de Moçambique,* are both owned by anti-Salazar intersts, but this does not particularly worry the Portuguese authorities, since their censors watch carefully to ensure that no dangerous thoughts appear in print. The result is that the press of Mozambique is indescribably boring. Some of the censors' achievements border on the grotesque. For exam-

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ple, last August the ill-paid dock workers of Lourenço Marques went on strike and paralyzed the port. The strike was the talk of the city, but not a word about it appeared in the press. In contrast, it gave full coverage to a demonstration held in Lourenço Marques to protest the condemnation resolution adopted by the United Nations against Portugal's colonial policies. The demonstration was timed to coincide with a similar rally being held in Lisbon.

In the 1958 presidential election, General Humberto Delgado, the anti-Salazar candidate, did surprisingly well in the overseas provinces. He even won a majority of the votes in the commercial center of Beira, Mozambique's second largest city. This was hardly accidental, since Beira's Catholic bishop is one of the most outspoken opponents of Salazar's Estado Novo. As a prelate of the Church, around whom the vibrant, reform-minded elements of Catholicism have rallied, he is beyond the reach of the PIDE. He is the leader of a liberal element in the white Portuguese community which feels that the government's policy designed to hold Mozambique at all costs is irrational. Some in this group argue that Portuguese civilization and religion could be maintained if Mozambique broke free of Lisbon under local white leadership.

But there is little reason to think that the blacks of Mozambique would prefer some type of commonwealth status to "uhuru" because of any deep attachment to Portuguese civilization. These visions of a broader Portuguese-speaking community, perhaps even linked with Brazil, are viewed with contempt by Dr. Mondlane's black nationalists. Some of them even see in the secessionist yearnings of the liberal white community a desire to retain its position as the local ruling class. Nor do they see how such a white movement differs from that of the white minority in Southern Rhodesia, which is also trying to retain power. By not providing men like Mondlane with sufficient educational opportunities in Mozambique, the Portuguese lost the opportunity to create moderate African leaders in their own image. There will be no Nyerere or Bourguiba for Mozambique when "uhuru" comes.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Race Before the Race At Indianapolis

JAMES A. MAXWELL

PROMPTLY at 5 A.M. on Memorial Day a signal bomb explodes inside the Indianapolis Speedway. Then the twelve gates spaced around the huge oval enclosure are flung wide, and the wildest land grab since the opening of the Oklahoma Territory begins.

From all directions, the vehicles pour through the entrances, gather speed as they plunge into the tunnels under the track, and emerge on the infield to race insanely over roads and across the enormous parking areas toward the favored sites along the inside fence. In the pale hint of dawn, headlights form strange, kaleidoscopic patterns as drivers pursue their erratic courses with monomaniacal determination.

Numerous policemen line the roads, but they wisely keep out of the roaring cascade of traffic. Later in the morning, driving and parking will be supervised. Now, however, any attempt to impose discipline would be completely futile and possibly suicidal.

This uninhibited dash by the vanguard of the "500" crowd for the best spectator positions is one of the oddest and most prolonged devotional phenomena in all of sport.

Weeks before the event, members of this cult from all over the country arrive in Speedway City, a community of ten thousand adjacent to Indianapolis. Most of these eager fans live in their automobiles parked in yards, lots, or public streets, cook their food on camp stoves, and amuse themselves as best they can as they maintain the long vigil. Each day the crowd grows.

WHEN I first visited the bivouac areas of Speedway City a few Mays ago, the atmosphere was convivial. In the modest amount of space around each of the cars, men and women napped on cots and air mattresses, read in canvas chairs, played poker, shot dice on blankets, listened to radios, or lazily gossiped as they sat on the tailgates of trucks. In sections of the fields not yet filled, youngsters played ball, chased one another, and wrestled. The windows of many of the automobiles were draped with sheets or opaque plastic to provide privacy for dressing or sleeping.

One typical group of four men who had driven from Oklahoma in a medium-sized truck were seated in lounge chairs listening to a ball game when I walked up. "Sit down and have a beer," one of them said. I asked them how long they had been in Speedway. "Just about two weeks now," the first man said. "The four of us been doing this every year since '48. It's our vacation. We got the truck fixed up so it'll sleep four, and Dave here is a hell of a good cook on our gasoline stove. It's real restful." Most of the people I talked with described the waiting period as their vacation. Since the race was still ten days off, I asked them how they passed the time.

"We don't want much to do," another man said. "We catch up on our pinochle, shoot the breeze, and visit around a lot. You get to know people —the same gang's back every year— so we got plenty of company."

"A lot of screwballs around, though," the first man said, and they all laughed indulgently.

In one parking area, I stopped to talk with Frank Toney, a well-digger from Fillmore, Indiana. Toney, his two sons, and several friends were seated around a campfire. Mrs. Toney was asleep in the truck. A large, old-fashioned coffeepot rested on a grill in the center of the embers, and Toney poured a cup of the scalding black coffee for me. The

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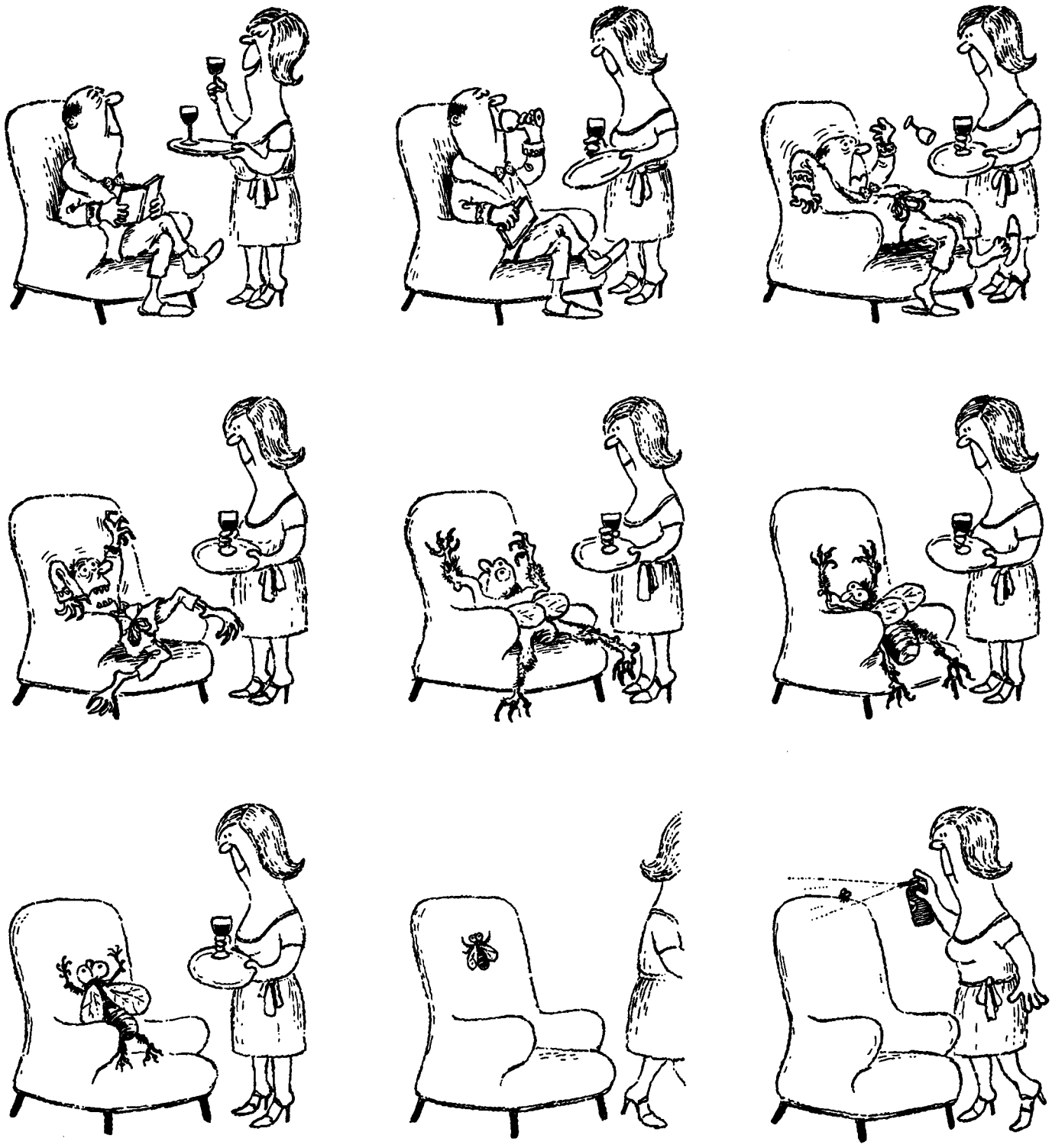

The Perfect Crime by Fernando Krahn

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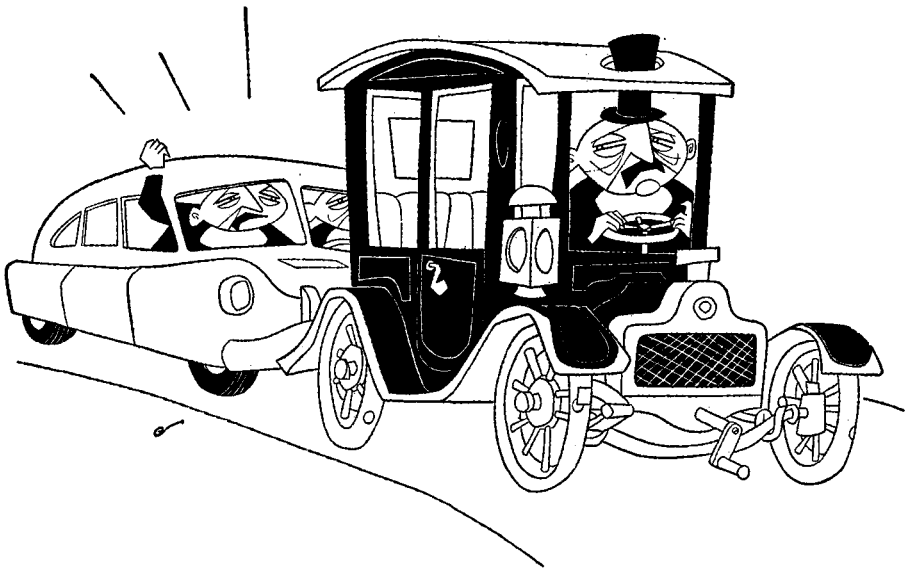
talk centered on exciting races they had seen in the past.

"We're very lucky," Toney said at one point. "Wrecks always happen where we are."

"You oughta see Pop's color movies of the accidents," one of the boys said proudly. "The ones he got in '58 when those thirteen cars piled up is really something."

"It's not that we're bloodthirsty," Toney said; "it's just that if there's gonna be smashups, we want to see them."

As I WALKED about Speedway City, it seemed that all the private yards in town were filled with cars from every part of the country. Most of the side streets also had lines of urban campers. I talked with a number of the permanent residents of the community about the annual invasion. Some of them, I found, simply abandon their homes when the influx begins and seek refuge in quieter



environs until the race is over. Most of the citizens, however, remain and face the situation with forbearance, wry humor, and frequently a lively sense of avarice.

"I don't know what those cuckoos do the rest of the year," one resident told me, "but each May the same gang comes back about ten days before the race and pays me a hell of a lot of money for the privilege of parking in my yard. Damned fools sleep in their cars and my wife hands them their breakfast out of the side window. She usually makes enough for a summer outfit. If they want to use our bathroom, that's an extra charge. Most of them use the toilets in gas stations, though. Practically everybody who lives around here does the same thing."

Ostensibly, the fans undergo the long period of primitive living for the simple advantage of entering the track an hour or so before the less adventurous patrons who arrive on May 30. But as I talked with numerous early arrivals, I soon found that the annual pre-race gathering has an irresistible attraction of its own. For these enthusiasts, the annual encampment combines the charms of a class reunion, an American Legion convention, and an extended visit to Coney Island. "Most of us wouldn't miss this for anything," said one New Yorker. "It's kind of quiet when my wife and I first get here about three weeks before the race, and we visit around and see friends we only meet here. Then, as more people arrive, things really start popping. Guys bring their musical instruments and make up their own bands, and we have dancing and singing.

"But the real fun comes the morning of the race. Just before the bomb goes off, all friendships are over." He laughed. "Couple of years ago, there were two guys parked right next to each other for maybe three weeks. Got to be real buddies, always together. Then about a half hour before the gates open, they get into a brawl. One guy says the other is trying to inch up so he can cut into the other guy's line. Brother, they really beat hell out of each other and nothing the cops can do will make them stop. Finally, both of them get arrested. They never did see the race."

The police attitude toward the pre-race festivities is easygoing. "This is the biggest picnic in the world," explained an officer of the Marion County sheriff's office. "We treat it that way. You don't expect people at a picnic to behave the way they usually do, and we take that into consideration."

This official leniency does not extend to professional gamblers, pickpockets, prostitutes, hopeless sots, or combatants who use beer bottles or other weapons. To handle such offenders, a mobile jail is parked opposite the main gate. When capacity is reached, the wheeled lockup delivers the inmates to a nearby station house and then returns for another load.

The jail does an increasingly brisk business during the last four or five days before the race. By then, the streets bordering the track become more and more like carnival midways. Pitchmen with public-address systems tout their ballpoint pens, gasoline savers, car polishes, and other wondrous discoveries. The souvenir stands provide plastic helmets, cheap binoculars, checkered flags, funny hats, toy racing cars, emblazoned T-shirts, pennants, and gaudy pillows. Ice-cream bars and tented hot-dog-and-soft-drink establishments are busy around the clock.

There are even some surreptitious professional gambling sessions to be found. Three-card monte and craps predominate, but in one men's room I visited, I was astonished to discover a flourishing shell game, a divertissement I thought had died about the time *A Girl of the Limberlost* was on the best-seller list.

THE EARLY ARRIVALS I talked with took special pride in the members of the cult who go to unusual lengths to join the assembly. One couple annually flies from Honolulu to California, borrows a car from relatives, and drives to Speedway City, usually arriving about May 20. Another zealot, who lived in Oregon, had regularly joined the forerunners for a decade. A few years ago his

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firm transferred him to Alaska, but this added distance has not interfered with his yearly trip. Now he flies to Indianapolis, rents a car, and joins his companions in the waiting line.

Over the years, a number of births have taken place in the parked cars, and at least a half a dozen babies have been born in the infield's tent hospital on race day. I asked one expectant woman if she wasn't worried about the possibility of having only the family automobile as a delivery room. "Kinda," she said thoughtfully. "But after you've been here every year for twelve years, you don't like to break your record."

The unquestioned king of the cult is Larry Bisceglia, who hasn't missed a 500-mile race since 1925 and who for the past seventeen years has been the first fan to appear. He usually arrives in late April after driving from Long Beach, California, a trip that takes anywhere from three weeks to three months, depending upon how many races he wants to see en route.

A pleasant man in his early sixties, he devotes his life to watching automobile races. A retired mechanic and a bachelor, he drives about 25,000 miles a year in his panel truck to see dirt-track, drag-strip, midget, and any other kind of speed contest between cars. Long Beach is simply the place he receives his mail. Because he is on the road most of the time, he lives in his truck, which is furnished with bunk, table, butane stove, electric heater, refrigerator, and other necessities.

Bisceglia is now well known in racing circles, and the Speedway management has recognized his fidelity with the equivalent of a press pass that enables him to visit the garage area and pits during the weeks before the race. Moreover, there is a spirit of *noblesse oblige* among the early arrivals toward Bisceglia's first-in-line record. Jim Parker, a tavern owner from Greensburg, Indiana, is usually the second fan to appear at Speedway City, and I asked him if he was ever tempted to dethrone the Californian.

"Sure I could get here first," Parker said. "After all, I live only a few miles away. But I wouldn't think of doing it. It would break the old man's heart."

'I Know Not Seems'

TOM F. DRIVER

In spite of his immense popularity today, Shakespeare's ways are not our ways, and his mode of theatrical utterance is not ours. Our most muscular theatre language is prose; the Elizabethans' was poetry. In manners we admire informality; they looked up to the courtly graces. Our ideal of social ethics tends to be equalitarian; theirs aristocratic. The stage director who pretends that these differences do not matter is in for trouble. If the director is not to leave the audience bored, he must somehow overcome the "wide gap of time" that separates us from the Elizabethans.

The most obvious, and least successful, way of coping with this problem is to "update" Shakespeare. This is called doing the plays in "modern dress." If a suitable contemporary decor cannot be found, then some other period more recent than the Elizabethan can be lit upon: Edwardian, Bismarckian, Victorian, Napoleonic, or what have you. Though the result is sometimes amusing, it is seldom satisfactory. It includes too much trickery, too little interpretation of text.

Two productions of Shakespearean tragedies presently on view in New York adopt a far better resort. *Hamlet,* directed by John Gielgud, and *King Lear,* directed by Peter Brook, look very different from each other, but their strategies for bringing Shakespeare vividly before us are basically the same.

In *Lear,* Brook has used costumes and furniture that suggest some rude, archaic society, awesome as Stonehenge. At the same time he has emphasized all those aspects of the script (there are many) that suggest what we nowadays call "the theatre of the absurd." This renders the play at once primitive and modern in an effect not dissimilar to what we experience in the plays of Samuel Beckett and Jean Genêt. I described this production in these pages over a year ago, having seen it in London, and I shall not repeat the description. It is enough to say that Peter Brook and Paul Scofield (his Lear) get at the heart of the play by heightening all its elements of sheer theatricality, as seen, for instance, in the abrupt irascibility of Lear, the disguises of Edgar and Kent, and the mock suicide of Gloucester. In this way the Elizabethan formalities cease to put us off and become instead the very medium whereby the play's brutalities reach and batter us.

Doing *Hamlet,* John Gielgud has employed the convention of self-conscious theatricalism in a different manner, one suggested by the fact that Hamlet contains a "play within a play" and that one of its principal motifs has to do with acting and pretending:

> Seems, madam? Nay, it is. I know not seems.
> 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
> Nor customary suits of solemn black,
> Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
> No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
> Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
> Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
> That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
> For they are actions that a man might play;
> But I have that within which passeth show—
> These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

The "conceit" Gielgud has adopted for the production may be described in the terms of this speech. Although Hamlet, being a *pièce de théâtre,* is

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made up of "actions that a man might play," it also has "that within which passeth show." The aim, then, is to get to the core, which can best be done by dispensing with "the trappings and the suits" of decor and costume.

THE PERFORMANCE is conceived as a rehearsal. The play is "up," everything has been set, only the costumes and scenery are missing. The performance happens on a bare stage, equipped only with a table, a few chairs, some steps and lights. This bareness, of course, is sham. The "bare" stage is a simulation designed by Ben Edwards, and the actors without costumes nevertheless wear carefully chosen "clothes by Jane Greenwood." We are simply asked to accept a theatrical convention as the premise of the evening, and when we do so, several advantages instantly accrue.

First, we can forget about how well or how poorly the actors have learned to carry themselves in doublet and hose. At the same time, we avoid the anachronisms that plague every "modern dress" Hamlet. Costume is treated as the irrelevance to Shakespeare's poetry that it really is.

In addition, our attention is basically, though not wholly, directed away from the actors themselves toward what it is they are trying to do. Frequently, at the theatre, we identify with the character and criticize the actor. At a rehearsal we do the opposite: identify with the actor and criticize the character. The latter produces less emotion but more intellectual enjoyment. Here is the principal reason, I believe, why this *Hamlet* is exceptionally clear and vivid.

Only one of the performances is great, that of Richard Burton. The quality of the rest varies immensely. Hume Cronyn, playing Polonius as the usual dodderer, gets far more than the usual amusement out of him. Linda Marsh, as his daughter, is inept in the first scenes, but madness improves her. Eileen Herlie, by contrast, does the early scenes as Hamlet's mother with exceptional authority and presence but becomes poorer in her big moments, the "chamber scene" with Hamlet and the report of Ophelia's death. Alfred Drake's King Claudius seems less commanding than the Queen. George Rose is your ideal player of gravediggers.

The unevenness of the acting is nothing to praise. Still, Gielgud's basic directorial conception is so firm that the whole comes across as something far greater than the sum of its parts. I mean to say that this would be a memorable *Hamlet* even if its Prince were no more than adequate. In fact, he is nigh superb. Ten years ago, doing the part with the Old Vic, Richard Burton was dreamy of eye, mellifluous of voice, and a junior Olivier, of course. Even now he is not entirely his own man, there being hints of Paul Scofield here and there in his manner. But that's pedantry. What ten years' aging, numerous movies, *Camelot*, a stormy private life, and tons of publicity have miraculously done is to move Richard Burton's talent a great way up the steep mountain of excellence. Another few such years and we may see him at the top.

MANY have remarked that Burton's is a masculine Hamlet, which it is—a gracious nobility of mind and body. But what is also present, to fill the portrait out with great exactitude, is Hamlet's giant egotism. We are so used to Hamlets pale, sickly, hesitant, underfed, and mother-ridden that we miss a simple truth about him: he is an egotist so obsessed with his own virtues and his own sense of mission that nothing else in the world appears good to him. The virtues and the mission are indeed real, and so is the rottenness of Denmark, but Hamlet prefers the arrogance of shock to the humility of action. His tragedy is that he is not quite noble enough to bear his own nobility. Thus he becomes part of the poison in Denmark, almost as alien to its health as Claudius, and his death is necessary.

All this in a man who never ceases to appear witty, dedicated, and humane. He is by no means a villain. His problem is neither malice nor madness but self-regard. Richard Burton conveys it forcefully, with better balance and with less egotism of his own, than any Hamlet I have seen before.

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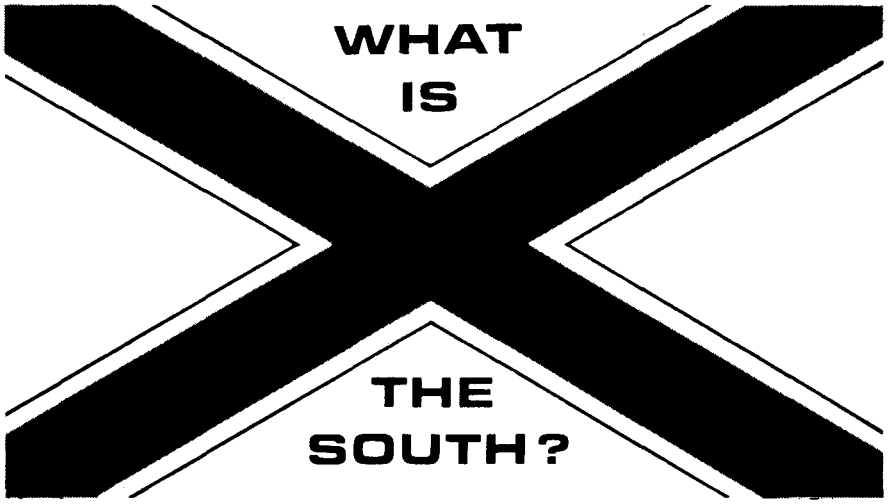

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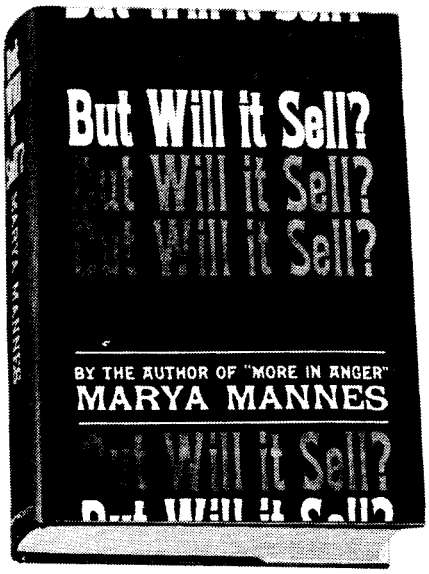

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The Cradle Still Rocks

GERALD WEALES

AT THE END of each one of his miniature sermons in *The Cradle Will Rock,* Reverend Salvation brightly calls for the collection. On the Friday before the Marc Blitzstein Memorial Concert, which was given at the Philharmonic Hall on April 19, the rehearsal stopped a few times, hung up on the way the word should be pronounced. Leonard Bernstein kept reminding Hiram Sherman, who was repeating his original role, of the way he used to read the word, rising almost to falsetto on the last syllable: "Collec-*shun!*" Although it was two in the morning and the microphones were not working properly and he had spent all day driving from Detroit, Sherman patiently repeated the word each time. Finally, as though the thought had just occurred to him, Bernstein asked, "Whatever happened to that funny little thing you used to do with 'collection'?" Sherman turned toward the piano where Bernstein sat and said gravely, "Twenty-five years."

One might justifiably have supposed that twenty-five years had also happened to *Cradle,* that a satirical and political musical calling for a strong steelworkers' union and a closed shop could survive in 1964 only through nostalgia. The occasion was a nostalgic one. The performers had come together to honor the late Marc Blitzstein by performing him, and the audience—or most of them—had gathered to honor him by recalling other decades, other occasions. There was a formal purpose, too—the raising of a fund, the establishment of an award in Blitzstein's name—but that seemed secondary. For the most part, it was a recollection evening. Not only Sherman but Howard Da Silva and Will Geer were playing their original roles and Bernstein was playing the accompaniment from a piano on stage, as Blitzstein had done originally and as Bernstein himself had in the first Boston production in 1939. The incredible story of the opening of *Cradle* in New York was told not only in Blitzstein's words but in his voice, when an excerpt from "Marc Blitzstein Discusses His Theatre Compositions" (Spoken Arts, 717) was played before the performance began. The audience heard again of the June night in 1937 when, after the Federal Theater had failed to let the show open, Orson Welles led an expectant audience on that strange march up Broadway to an even stranger performance with the actors scattered through the audience.

Nor was the concert to be only a *Cradle* evening. A group of singers from the City Center Opera were on hand to do excerpts from *Regina,* most of them in roles they had sung before (Columbia 03L 260), and Lillian Hellman, whose play *The Little Foxes* was the source of Blitzstein's opera, read narrative bridges that she had prepared for this performance. José Ferrer, who had directed *Juno* in 1959, sang "How I Met My New Grandfather," a song from a one-act opera Blitzstein was working on at the time of his death. Performers and pieces, then, marked almost thirty years of Blitzstein's creative life—the perfect moment for the presentation of a period piece.

AN EVENING for remembering turned into an evening to remember. For the first half, it seemed just a very good concert—nothing more. The *Regina* excerpts were extremely well done; but though there are some fine arias, *Regina* is so carefully unified that, even with Miss Hellman tying things together, it cannot convey its full force through selections. It was difficult to judge the three new songs. Each from a different unfinished work, they came to us out of context, of course, and they had a slightly macabre air about them, a sense of last things, which was heightened by Bernstein's dramatic (and premature, as it turned out) announcement of the apparent disappearance of the manuscript of the unfinished opera, *Sacco and Vanzetti.*

In the second half came *Cradle.* Although one scene had been

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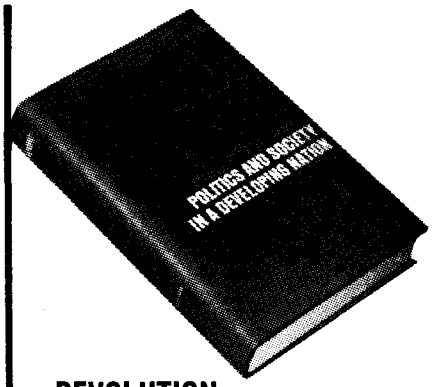

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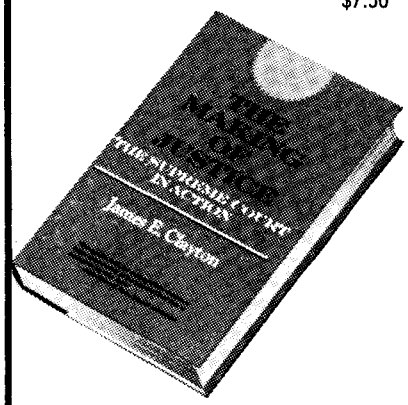

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dropped—the one in which time-serving university officials are given a satirical going-over—the episodic form of the work hid the excision. It was here that the concert became exciting in the way that the theatre is supposed to be and so seldom is. Although the musical is obviously dated in a number of ways, its message very much one from the 1930's, it won the audience on its own terms. There was no suggestion of quaintness about it, no condescension in the presentation or the reception of it. The satire, the slightly wry sentiment, the cry of triumph—

The final wind blows . . .
and when the wind blows . . .
The cradle will rock!

—all these worked as Blitzstein intended them to. Neither the austere luxury of Philharmonic Hall nor the obvious opulence of the audience (whatever it was wearing in 1937) could overcome the wit or the intensity of conviction that Blitzstein had given *Cradle*. A woman I know slightly caught my arm as I went up the aisle after the performance. "You didn't see it in 1937," she said. "I'm not just remembering, am I? It is as good as it sounds."

I had not seen it in 1937 (although I had in 1947), and it *is* as good as it sounds. What the concert had done was to give Marc Blitzstein an occasion to show again that he was one of our most talented writers for the musical theatre. His reputation, however, is a strange one. He has many admirers and yet he never achieved conventional Broadway success. *Cradle* came closest. The Mercury Theatre's first production ran for 108 performances, a respectable but hardly an earth-shaking run, and it has been revived fairly often, both in and out of New York. Blitzstein contributed sketches to a number of revues—*Garrick Gaieties* (1930), *Parade* (1935), *Pins and Needles* (1937), *Let Freedom Sing* (1942)—but none of these shows is considered a Blitzstein show. *No for an Answer* (1941), the successor to *Cradle,* was performed briefly at the Mecca Temple (Blitzstein at the piano), but with our entry in the war its pacifism and the harshness of its social criticism made other performances unlikely. *Regina* (1949) did play on Broadway for seven weeks, but it has found its real home in the opera repertory. *Reuben Reuben* (1953) died in Boston, and in 1959 *Juno* (Columbia OL 5380) lasted only two weeks in New York. Blitzstein also contributed incidental music to plays, from the Mercury Theatre *Julius Caesar* in 1937 to recent Shakespeare productions—*A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Winter's Tale*—at Stratford, Connecticut. Yet Stanley Green in *The World of Musical Comedy* mentions Blitzstein only twice, once for *Cradle,* once as translator of the Brecht-Weill *The Threepenny Opera.* Who sings a Blitzstein tune in the shower?

In fact, are there Blitzstein tunes? In introducing "Then," one of the new songs in the concert, Bernstein said that it was the closest Blitzstein had ever come to writing a popular song. Ordinarily, he uses popular music, transforms it into something else, makes it a vehicle for satire or an instrument of characterization. There are love songs of a sort in *Juno;* there is even an almost conventional ballad in his symphony, *The Airborne.* But Marc Blitzstein is not and never has been Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, or Harold Arlen. He is important in the history of the American theatre for two other reasons. He is representative of the best of the American political theatre of the 1930's; out of all the committed plays of that period no more than a handful can survive the causes that created them, and of that handful, *Cradle* shares top honors with Clifford Odets's *Awake and Sing!*

Beyond that, Blitzstein is important for what he had been trying to do since the war. He had retained, to use his own words, his "so-called sociological or socially conscious themes," without the specific political content of the 1930's, and had tried to use them in more complicated musical works. His musical theatre shied away from the romantic devices and the obvious operatic qualities of popular opera such as those which mark Gian-Carlo Menotti even in a work like *The Consul.* Still, it never quite became musical comedy—not even the integrated and intelligent musical comedy of *Candide* and *West Side Story.* Blitzstein's music is always more dramatic

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than lyric. He is so aware of what is going on on stage, in the play, that his music's life is there and, one might almost say, only there. *Regina* is the best example of this Blitzstein, for it is an opera that is aware of itself as a unified work of art (an inseparable combination of music and dramatic action) and that is also aware of the political, economic, social world in which we live.

TO UNDERSTAND Blitzstein's work in its own context, it is necessary to see how he moved from being a "brat-prodigy" (his term) in Philadelphia to becoming a man of the theatre, how the fifteen-year-old soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra became the thirty-two-year-old composer pounding out *Cradle* from an upright on the Venice Theatre stage. Biographical information on the composer is sparse, but it is not the personal details of his life as much as the musical and political world in which he worked that concerns us here. In 1926, at twenty-one, he went to Europe to study in Paris with, as he put, "the inevitable Nadia Boulanger" and later in Berlin with Arnold Schönberg. In Europe at that time, and particularly in Germany, serious music was wearing all kinds of funny hats. The chamber-music festival at Baden-Baden, largely under Paul Hindemith's influence, had become preoccupied with the twin doctrines of *Gebrauchsmusik* (music that stresses a utilitarian function) and *Gemeinschaftsmusik* (amateur music in which the playing together taught a sense of community). Along with this emphasis on the usefulness of music came a concern with the popular arts, experiments with jazz opera, film music, school pieces, radio opera. The first version of the Brecht-Weill *Mahagonny* was given at Baden-Baden in 1927. Within the next few years the festival saw the production of the early Brecht *Lehrstücke,* with music by either Hindemith or Weill, and, more important, Berlin saw the production of the Brecht-Weill satrical works—*The Threepenny Opera, Happy End,* the full-length *Mahagonny*—of which *Cradle,* which is dedicated to Brecht, is a kind of American cousin.

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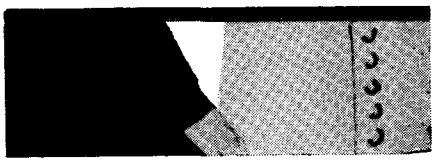

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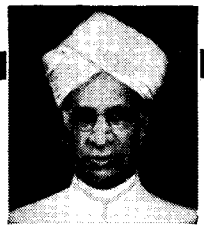

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disdain at the breaking of the barriers," Blitzstein wrote later (in *Modern Music,* May-June, 1936). How much of this activity Blitzstein had contact with is not clear, but the situation that I have described, the theatrical-musical-political mélange of the late 1920's in Germany, was to find its American counterpart in the 1930's and Blitzstein was to be very much part of it. In the late 1920's, however, he was writing more conventional serious music—piano sonatas, string quartets, things like that. He had begun to consider music for the theatre, to write short operas and ballet music. In the first of his operas, *Triple-Sec,* which the Philadelphia Orchestra performed in 1928 and which went into the *Garrick Gaieties* of 1930, there is already ample indication of Blitzstein's strong theatrical sense and his wit. Henry Brant has pointed out that the music contains parody of Schönberg, but I remember the piece, from the off-Broadway revival of 1950, primarily because it makes fine fun of the conventions of the sentimental theatre.

THE BLITZSTEIN of the period appears to be torn between a desire to work for a reasonably select musical audience and an attraction toward the less special audience that the theatre presumably affords. What is missing is the political and social commitment that is soon to bring him down wholeheartedly on the side of the theatre. There are, one supposes, personal influences at work on him, but the public events—the crash of 1929, the depression that followed—were enough to change the milieu in which he found himself.

By 1932, when he wrote *The Condemned,* a choral work about Sacco and Vanzetti, he had moved on to the social and political themes which, one way or another, were to concern him for the rest of his life. In "Send for the Militia," the sketch he did for *Parade* in 1935, the blunt satire, the anger, the pacifism, the pro-unionism of *Cradle* were already in evidence. In the article from *Modern Music* quoted in the paragraph above, which was called "Coming—the Mass Audience," Blitzstein showed himself to be involved in both the jargon ("allying itself to the concept of a broad United Front policy of workers and intellectuals") and the maneuvering of the leftist artists of the period. In this and other articles of 1936, he attacked Weill and Hindemith (both of whom Brecht had broken with) and praised Hanns Eisler's score for Brecht's *The Mother* which the Theatre Union had just produced.

When it came to writing *Cradle,* however, Blitzstein was closer to the Brecht-Weill satire than the Brecht-Eisler didacticism. More important, he was close to the American audience in terms of the music he used and kidded, the figures he made fun of, the immediate problem (unionism in the steel industry) with which he was concerned. To understand why *Cradle* can still rock, it is necessary to see how it avoids the trap into which most American leftist theatre, like most propagandistic art, inevitably falls. The problem is always the good guy, "the positive hero" as they call him in Socialist Realism circles, whom stereotype turns into a bloodless wonder. Consider, for example, how much pleasure can still be had from the bite of George Grosz's caricatures and how impossible it is to look at the party posters that depict the workers, eight feet tall, marching shoulder to muscular shoulder, a look of dedication on their handsome faces. For the same reason, the satirical figures in *Cradle*—the Mister family, Reverend Salvation, Editor Daily, Yasha and Dauber—are still easily accessible as "cartoon characters" (Blitzstein's phrase) that have relevance to today's society. Yet one can still take Larry Foreman, the play's hero, and he is hardly the same kind of cartoon.

What the best of the American leftist playwrights realized was that the pompous slogans had to be given to the enemy (for laughs) and that the positive statements, even the calls to action, had to come obliquely, wryly, with an American tongue just barely in an American cheek. There are some soft spots in *Cradle,* but it still works as a whole because Blitzstein used Larry Foreman's uplifting determination dramatically, not simply editorially; the opera works as art in a decade in which its propaganda is no longer immediate.

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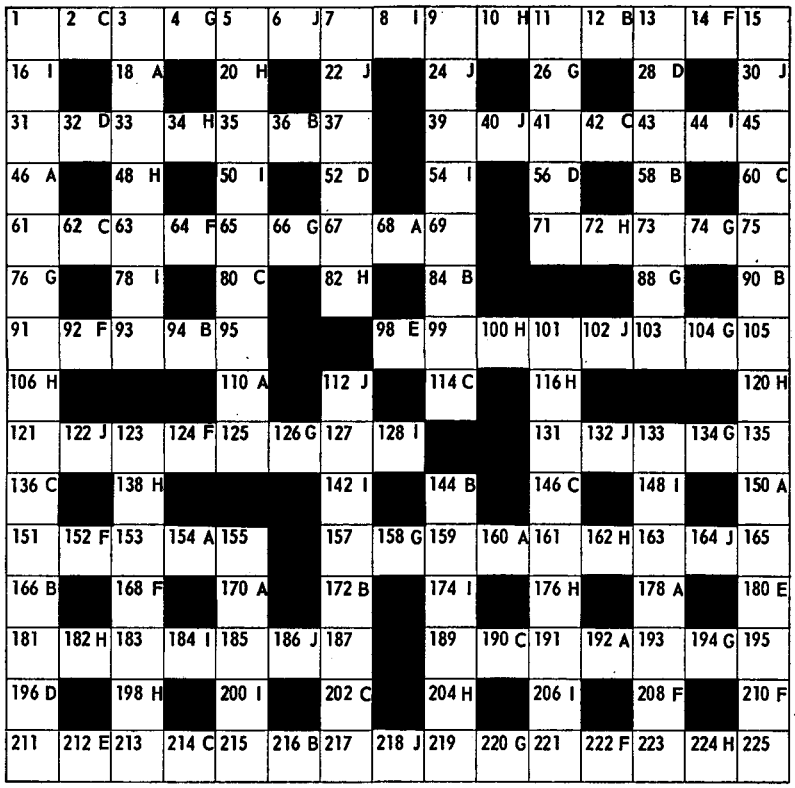
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 102

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
154 18 46 178 150 192 160 170 110 68 Popular successes (6,4).

B
36 144 94 58 12 216 172 84 166 90 Works of aesthetic worth (6,1'3).

C
60 136 202 214 2 114 42 80 190 146 62 Affected by penury (7-4).

D
56 28 52 196 32 Tests.

E
180 98 212 "_____ vobiscum."

F
210 152 124 222 92 64 168 14 208 "Sea-King's daughter from over the sea _____." Tennyson, "A Welcome to_____."

G
4 74 104 134 66 158 88 26 126 194 220 76 These were about Jericho, apparently (7,5).

H
48 198 116 162 120 82 176 10 106 224 204 138 20 34 72 100 182 Lucy Ashton suffered these in Scott's novel (10,7).

I
142 148 206 44 54 184 78 16 174 50 200 128 8 Distinctions conferred by the Acrostician (7,6).

J
164 22 102 40 218 132 112 122 24 186 6 30 One at a time.

ACROSS

1. Crisis specialists who seem to bring the big guns (7,8).
31. You might use a hormone with oil at rest.
39. Dickens of a missile! (4,3).
61. If I shun gain, I'll suffer greatly (2,7).
71. A lady. Do find another about finally.
91. A pilgrim from Lake Chad, Jibuti, or Athens.
98. A rich dais may be kind of pungent.
121. A kind of stuffing that comes from the top (4,4).
131. Kind of tube carried on aircraft about wing tip to tip.
151. Swings loosely with a strong step.
157. Where was I born? Mich., in diamond form (2,7).
181. A salmon I find for an Ottoman.
189. Best prison quarters? (3,4).
211. A white elephant, for example, may be a costly comfort (9,6).

DOWN

1. A title of the Acrostician (3,6,2,4).
3. Is a nut old? Ship it to the frontier.
5. Include in your baggage the bin Wright wants.
7. A nailer may be aloft in France (2,1'3).
9. Federal law for poultry? (5,3).
11. "I will endow," he confessed.
13. Exit Ned. He's among those stretched out in Rome.
15. Drama of compassion or child activity, for pity's sake? (11,4).
101. On the spur of the moment, I'm on time. You, too?
112. Repetitious tree under which I'd find Vi twice over (4-4).
123. A guide for a pram? Do use it for cars.
133. Is Athenian tea able to make a picture?
144. You may find that he's violent, this little brother of mine (obs.).
155. This Greek deserter thought it no sin at Troy.

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Picasso Comes Home

BARRY O'BRIAN

BARCELONA

THOUGH the Picasso Museum in Barcelona has been open to the public for more than a year, its name and address are still unlisted in guidebooks and tourist bulletins. The reason, apparently, is that the "official" inauguration has not yet taken place. But if you have been tipped off in advance and refuse to let this lack of diplomatic recognition stand in the way of a *de facto* visit to the place, your effort will be rewarded by the sight of several hundred Picassos, row on row, room after room, in the most appropriate setting imaginable—a Romanesque palace. It is rather like stumbling into Ali Baba's cave without having to bother about the password; fifteen pesetas, about a quarter, is all it takes to get in. In what other city could you find such a museum—not, indeed, without walls, but without publicity?

Barcelona is the city where Picasso spent his student days and where he held his first exhibit, almost unbelievably, in 1897. The Barcelona Museo de Arte Moderno has long possessed some notable examples of his turn-of-the-century style, as well as several later works inscribed to the museum in the days of the Spanish Republic. Then there was a hiatus in acquisitions, although Picasso continued to paint Spanish subjects—the mural "Guernica," for example, was based directly on a happening arranged by the incoming government. The fact that Franco's Spain now has a whole museum devoted to Picasso is an unmistakable sign that ice can melt on the Mediterranean as well as on the Volga.

Most of the museum's exhibits come from the collection of Jaime Sabartés, Picasso's friend, biographer, and factotum, to whom many items are dedicated. There are paintings, drawings, prints, posters, and ceramics—about three hundred in all, I was told, but no catalogue is available and I did not think to take an inventory. Studies for "Guernica" or the famous etchings "*Sueño y Mentira de Franco*" ("Dream and Lie of Franco") are naturally not included. The emphasis is on post-1945 Picassos, with scores of variations on the themes of girl, bull, dove, and other recurrent figures from his familiar bestiary. To these have been added a roomful of early canvases from the Museo de Arte Moderno, including the stern, heavy-lidded portrait of Señora Canals, a superb "blue period" mother and child, and a couple of studies dated 1901—"Margot" and "La Enana"—which are just about halfway between Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec.

TO HOUSE these treasures, the thirteenth-century palace of the Counts of Moncada has been carefully restored from stables to attic and scrubbed down to the bare rock, hand-hewn beams, and ancient brick. The result is a decorator's dream, to say nothing of a curator's—and being Romanesque, it has much more human proportions than the Renaissance and baroque palaces in which European cities like to hang their pictures after the owners have moved out. Imagine a room like the chapter house at the Cloisters in Fort Tryon Park, New York, but festooned with Picassos in all shapes and sizes, intelligently arranged and well lighted (not at all like the Goyas in the Prado). Romanesque and picaresque were obviously meant for each other.

It is an exhausting experience, however, to wander from room to room, on three floors, through a palace full of Picassos. You feel yourself wilting under his virtuosity as he keeps putting his thumb in your eye, circling a subject like "Picador" or "Pony-Tail Hairdo" twenty, thirty, forty times, from the most precise statement to the wildest visual pun. After the first hundred you shout *Viva Picasso!* After two hundred you realize that pictures are the footprints he leaves as he struts indestructibly through time (the envy and despair of all old men) with the

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braggart air of Il Capitano in the commedia dell'arte. Indeed, it is not difficult to understand Picasso's well-documented affinity for Harlequin and Columbine.

One of the classic Harlequins Picasso painted during the First World War hangs here in a niche of its own. The guard standing beside it waxed eloquent over the picture; someone had told him it was the most valuable canvas on exhibit. Then he took me confidentially around the corner to one of the abstractions of the 1930's (there were no other visitors that day). "If I found that in the street, I'd kick it into the gutter," he said, shaking his head and touching his temple significantly.

BEFORE its restoration, the Palacio Moncada had been used for warehouses and shops, being located in a busy, rather run-down commercial corner of the city (just ask the taxi driver for the Calle Moncada). While renovating one of the galleries, workmen discovered a thirteenth-century mural depicting King Jaime I of Aragon in the act of besieging and battering the Moors of Majorca. Like all the surviving Romanesque frescos of Spain, it had been protected from the ravages of time and trespassers by a thick accretion of whitewash, the best mural preservative known to man.

Jaime's expedition took place in 1229 and this fresco was something on the order of a late news bulletin, having been painted, they say, within ten years of the event. To the nonspecialist eye there is a vague resemblance to the Bayeux Tapestry —at any rate the motives are similar. I think it would have been better to leave it where it was, for Picasso would have looked very much at home next to this direct lineal ancestor of his war mural. But they peeled it off the wall and transferred it across town to the Catalonian Museum, which has the world's largest and finest Romanesque collection. There it now reposes, surrounded by angels and other unwarlike figures. You should have no trouble finding it there; ask for the picture that used to be in what is now the Picasso Museum. It is a beneficent windfall that blows every museum some good.

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BOOKS

Leave Me Alone!

JOHN P. ROCHE

THE NAKED SOCIETY, by Vance Packard. *McKay. $5.95.*

THE PRIVACY INVADERS, by Myron Brenton. *Coward-McCann. $4.95.*

I have never been a fan of Vance Packard's, and in the course of reading *The Naked Society,* I suddenly realized why. I was born without an apocalyptic chromosome, and Packard specializes in apocalyptic *kitsch.* To put it differently, he takes a genuine problem, wraps it up in bogus social theory, and ships it out to the flagellant masses. As a liberal and a civil libertarian, I should welcome the interest he will undoubtedly create in the issues of privacy—and I do. Yet, at the same time, his blithe assumption that invasions of privacy began with modern "mass culture" offends my historical sense. Indeed, Tocqueville's major premise about the United States in the 1830's was that the American passion for equality was destroying liberty and individuality. Has there ever been, for example, a more damning indictment of "mass culture" than this?:

"If America has not as yet had any great writers, the reason is given in these facts; there can be no literary genius without freedom of opinion, and freedom of opinion does not exist in America. The Inquisition has never been able to prevent a vast number of anti-religious books from circulating in Spain. The empire of the majority succeeds much better in the United States, since it actually removes any wish to publish them."

Now privacy, historically speaking, was an aristocratic virtue, one that ran full tilt into the demands of a militantly egalitarian society that no one could pretend to be any better than anyone else. True, in Tocqueville's time one could find privacy in geographical isolation, as did the "mountain men," but within the jurisdiction of community everything was everyone's business; in Tocqueville's pungent phrase, "the body is left free, and the soul is enslaved."

Except for isolates—aristocrats or anchorites—nineteenth-century society was a goldfish bowl: the literature of the small town and the literature of the ghettos both echo the complaints of the sensitive in search of liberation from community sanctions, from the omniscience of the elders. Moreover, it was simply impossible to conceive of privacy among the poor, where six or seven members of a family often were imprisoned in a single room.

In short, Packard has his history backwards. In realistic sociological terms, only in our time has privacy become an accepted value except for the very rich and a few eccentrics. The breakdown of face-to-face communities and the growth of an impersonal urban society has made anonymity possible. One of F. Scott Fitzgerald's characters in *The Great Gatsby* noted that she loved *big* parties because there one could get some privacy; the point can be generalized to comprehend the new society that was emerging from the crucible of the 1920's.

THIS SAID, we can turn to the immediate issues raised by Packard and by Brenton, the latter in less flamboyant fashion but with more cogency of argument. Leaving the apocalyptic overtones aside, it is clear that modern technology has turned invasions of privacy into a major business. Some of these inva-

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sions are inherently legitimate, notably those connected with credit ratings. Packard quotes a British editorial reacting with horror to the American system of credit investigation and suggesting that in Britain a man's finances have always been a confidential matter between him and his banker. He neglects to point out the social meaning of this—it should be stated that a *gentleman's* finances are confidential; i.e., we are dealing with an aristocratic phenomenon in a society where all but the wealthy have until very recently lived in a cash economy. The American system of credit investigation is now spreading to Britain because the credit structure has become increasingly Americanized, with *hoi polloi* buying things on a deferred-payment ("hire purchase") basis. One may have a right to financial privacy, but if he insists upon it, he can hardly request the simultaneous extension of credit.

Where Packard and Brenton are on solid ground is in their savage indictment of wiretapping and electronic eavesdropping. As *The Reporter* pointed out more than a decade ago, the public and private use of wiretaps is a national scandal—and the new electronic "bugs" have exacerbated it by providing a "do-it-yourself" atmosphere to spying, exemplified in the bugging of a housemaster's residence at Groton by some overeducated boys. Similarly, the authors have cogently assaulted the increasing employment of lie-detector and other "psychological tests" by governmental and private employers. (I have long been convinced that management "consultants" who vend these services to businessmen should be indicted for larceny; their actions seem comparable to rolling a drunk.) Both have independently reached the conclusion that there should be less privacy about violations of privacy—that is, government should move into the area with strict laws that will eliminate all private electronic snooping and severely limit its use by public authorities.

THIS CONCLUSION ALONE justifies the publication of these two books. Whatever may be the historical dimension of the "right to privacy," we are today confronted by a shameful situation. While inefficiency, among other factors, may save us from *1984*

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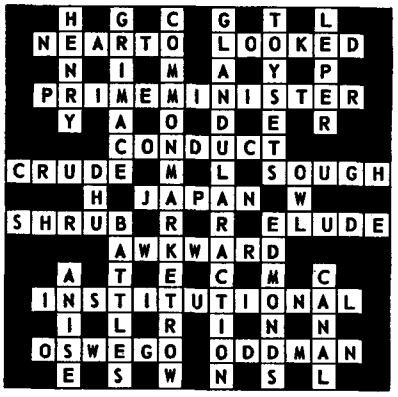

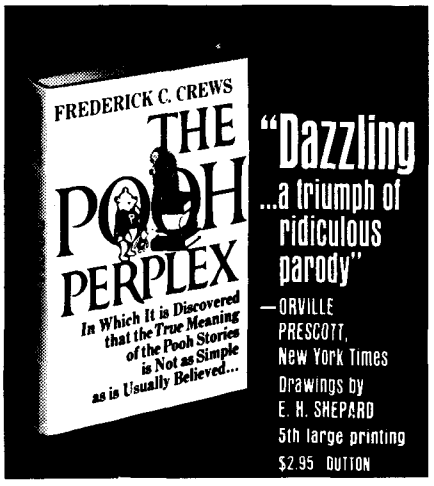
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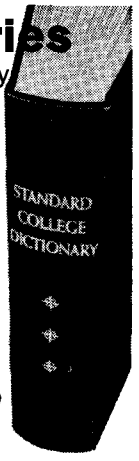

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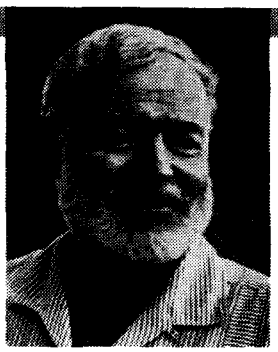

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—social development is not an exercise in formal logic—we have every reason to be concerned about the totalitarian potentialities of the devices and attitudes that Packard and Brenton have described. Perhaps these polemics will stimulate a campaign to give the "right of privacy" the legal content it deserves and thus establish it as an enforceable component of modern American constitutionalism. This goal cannot be justified on the basis of historical precedent; it must be defended on its intrinsic merits. Indeed, in working toward a law of privacy, the less said about the American past the better. In this sector as in most others, history is a trap for the libertarian. «»

The People Inside

NAT HENTOFF

DANCERS ON THE SHORE, by William Melvin Kelley. *Doubleday. $3.95.*

A talented young man who describes himself as "an American writer who happens to have brown skin" has added this collection of short stories to his first novel, *A Different Drummer*. The novel, published two years ago by Doubleday, was a remarkable achievement. Written with the forceful economy and inexorable pace of a legend, it described a mass exodus of Negroes from a Southern state set off by one who had fully awakened to the fact that "he had been robbed of something but had never known it because he never even knew he owned what had been taken from him."

No story in *Dancers on the Shore* has the concentrated power and secure style of the novel, and some are so slight and predictable that I wonder whether they are earlier work included to fill out a book. There are sections of Kelley's new volume, however, that indicate more strongly than *A Different Drummer* his determination to depict "people, not symbols or ideas disguised as people." And although all his main characters are Negroes, Kelley's subject matter is not limited to the "race question."

In several of the stories, color is peripheral. A pre-law student is caught at the edge of the quicksand of a constricting marriage and career. His unmarried sister discovers how easy—and how smoothly self-destructive—it can be to dispose of her baby. Elsewhere, in "Not Exactly Lena Horne," two old men act out the querulous, desperate shadow play of those who cannot bear being alone but also cannot bear each other. And in "The Poker Party," a small boy is chilled by his first sight of grown-ups out of control—"their bodies bent and stiff like dogs fighting and snarling in the street."

INEVITABLY, there are also stories in which the sense and effects of color are inescapable. In these Kelley generally avoids simplistic homilies and focuses instead on the complexity of those tensions which come from being both black and otherwise alive. Appearing in a number of such stories, the two Bedlow brothers, sons of a construction worker, are shaped by class as well as color, and there are strong differences in the ways each reacts to those pressures.

Kelley is able to create characters in a state of becoming. Accordingly, he is wise to return again and again to members of the same families. Each time he does, they unexpectedly reveal more about themselves and about each other. (One of the Bedlows appeared briefly but memorably in *A Different Drummer*.)

Apparently Kelley's ambition involves nothing less than the creation of a tapestry of Negro life in America. The broad design has been sketched in *A Different Drummer*, and in *Dancers on the Shore* we are being introduced to particularized and interesting lives encompassing several generations. The sweep of legend has now been superseded by the tangled present.

On the basis of his work so far and on his accurate description of himself as a writer asking questions rather than "a sociologist or a politician or a spokesman," there is considerable likelihood that as Kelley explores Negro life in America more and more deeply, his questions will have increasing relevance for all his readers, whatever their color.

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And a Time To Hate

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE LONG VOYAGE, by Jorge Semprun. Translated from the French by Richard Seaver. *Grove Press. $4.50.*

Near the end of the Spanish civil war, the Sempruns, a Republican family, left the Spanish Basque country and made their way by sea to France. When they landed at Bayonne, summer people from fashionable Biarritz gawked at them. They were "Spanish Reds." As such, they aroused curiosity, embarrassment, and an uneasy feeling that they might be bringing along with them, like a contagious disease, the disaster that had overtaken them in their country. Some of them, certainly young Jorge Semprun, brought something else: a disinclination to lie down and be good. When the Nazis came, he joined the Resistance. In 1943, he was arrested and sent to Buchenwald. *The Long Voyage* is the account, transposed out of modesty into fiction, of his four days and five nights spent wedged upright in a boxcar.

The narrator wrote this skillful and absorbing story seventeen years after the event, so that in telling the hideous details of the journey, it is clear that he knew to what it led just as he knew what brought him to make it. He relives the journey, but at the same time the device permits him to relive what happened at journey's end: the long march up the avenue, clubbed on by S.S. men, with the dogs snarling, the daily departure to music for work in the factories, the execution of a Russian prisoner, the flame from the crematorium, the German families on their happy Sunday stroll past the camp, and, finally, liberation. In the boxcar, he holds his dead friend in his arms, but at the same time he remembers how a lone German Jew with a machine gun held off the Germans until he was shot while covering the retreat of his Resistance friends who never even knew he was Jewish or German; and this memory is crowded out by the memories of

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seventeen years' trying to forget. The train stops briefly in a German station, and it is again the way it was in Bayonne: behind the police lines a crowd stares at men who are "foreign" and therefore dangerous simply because they have not made their submission. In the boxcar there is terrible thirst—hunger does not matter—and then there is the immediate image of the day of liberation when the prisoners pursued their retreating guards and the narrator drank fresh water from the well of the village he had for so long watched from inside the camp's barbed wire and from which he now looked at the camp from the outside, just as the peaceful inhabitants of that German village had seen it and the crematorium chimney through the years. In the boxcar a man dies, and the men say it must be his heart, because one can have a heart attack anywhere and it is better not to think that the boxcar has anything to do with death. But sometimes it is not possible to make an optimistic diagnosis of the cause of death, as on the winter day a convoy of Jews arrived at the camp: when the boxcars were opened, the men fell out in frozen piles like lumber stacked at a railway siding. They had to be pried apart.

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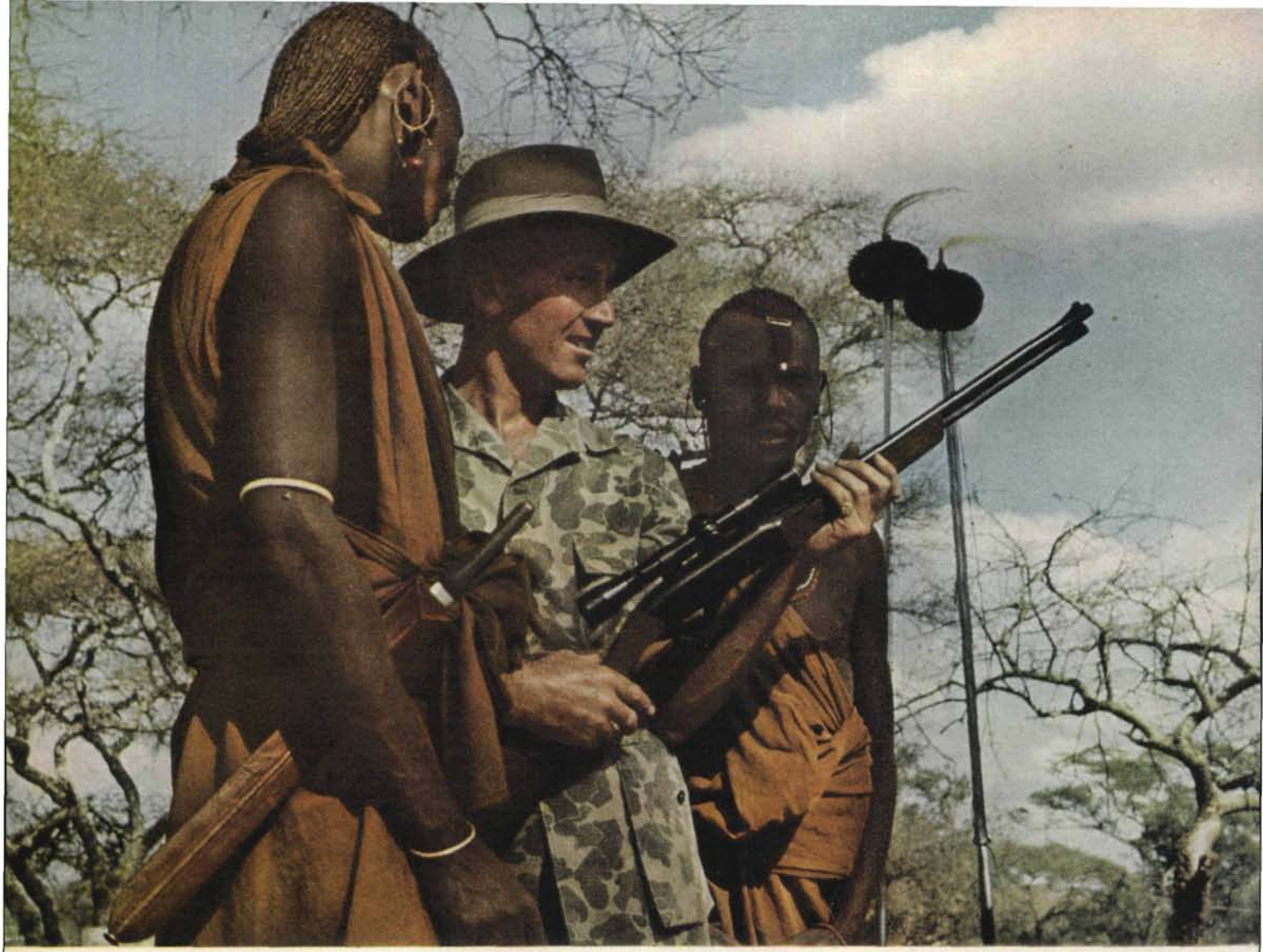

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